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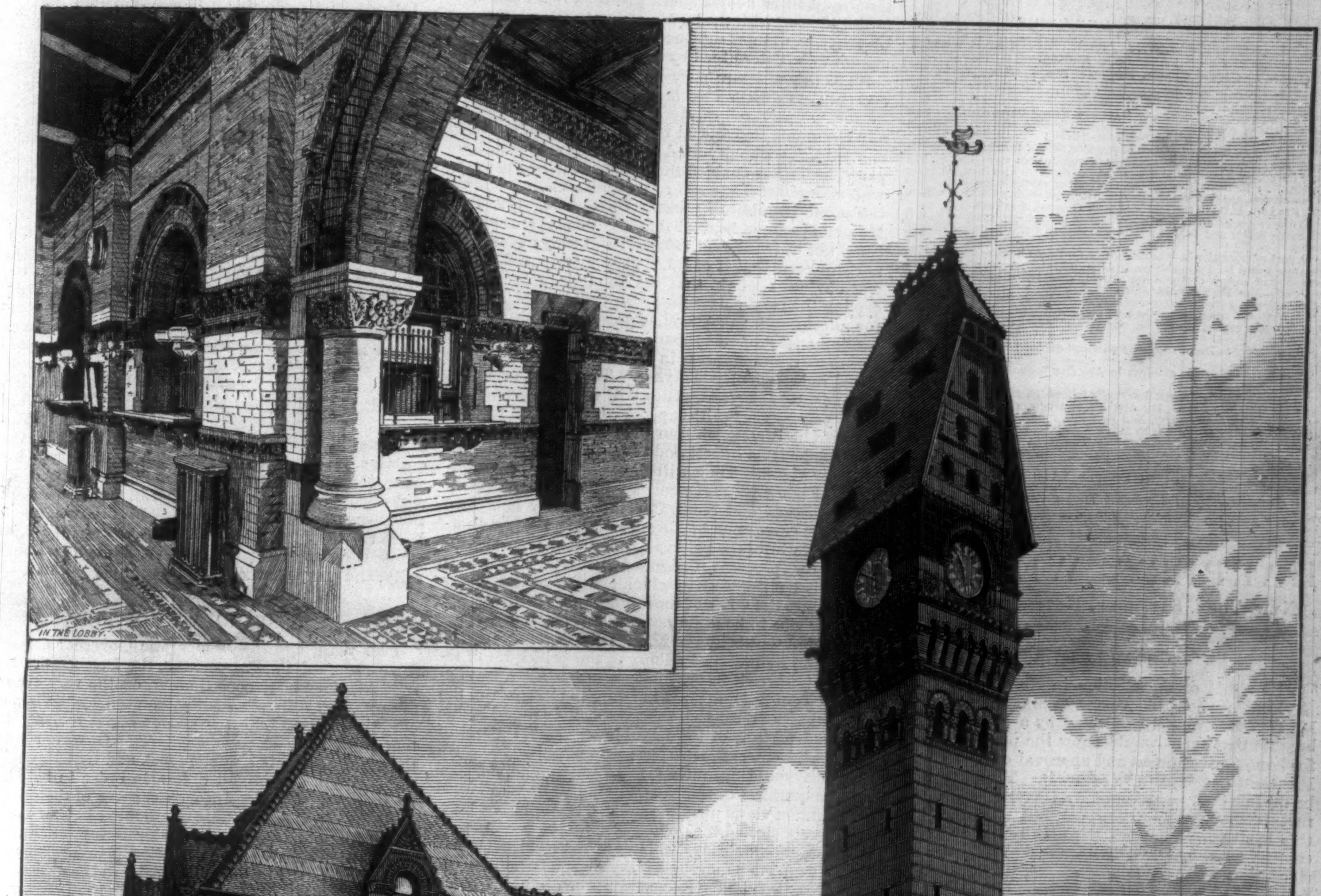
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, November 7, 1885.

THE ELECTION.

THE result of the election in New York will be known when this paper appears. We trust that Mr. **Davenport** will be elected by a large majority, because that event would show the popular demand for honest government and approval of the efforts of President **Cleveland** to secure it. That this would be the fair interpretation of Mr. **Davenport**'s election reveals the extraordinary political situation. But this has been shown no less plainly by the general course of the canvass, which has proved in the most significant manner the wisdom and patriotism of the Independent movement of last year. There has been a great deal said of the return of the Mugwumps. But it is the Republicans, not the Mugwumps, who have returned. In the nomination of Mr. **Davenport** as a perfectly clean and upright candidate; in his admirable letter of acceptance; in the tone of all the chief speeches, especially those of Senator **Edmunds**, Mr. **Rogers**, Mr. **Choate**, and Mr. **Roosevelt**; in the excellent address of the State Committee; in the significant omission of allusion to the unfortunate candidacy of last year; in the general consciousness that the speeches of Mr. **Foraker** were more injurious than helpful to the Republican cause, and beneath the level of the best Republican opinion; in the good local nominations and the union of many Republicans upon non-partisan municipal candidates, as in Brooklyn—in all such incidents, and in the general consciousness of a purer political tone, the Republican party returned to the traditions of its better days, and as the cause of that return, even if it should be temporary only, the immense service of the Independent movement is proved.

In his admirable speech at the great meeting in Madison Square Garden, Mr. **Choate** warmly welcomed the "returning" Mugwumps, and earnestly wished that they had "never departed." But why? Is not the state of things that he described, the harmony and the promise of progress, desirable? But it is all due to that departure. If the Republicans had succeeded last year, does Mr. **Choate** suppose that the prospect of Republican honesty and progress would have been what it is to-day? Mr. **Choate** demands reform within the party. Does he believe that reform is possible so long as the best party men support the worst party candidates under the plea of sustaining the party? Can a party in any just sense be sustained by identifying it with unworthy representatives? Can any party possibly be reformed if it has not courage enough among its members to defeat it rather than to permit such identification? But much more than this. The "departure" which established the fact that our political situation is not one of revolution was of the highest public service, even if the condition of proving it was Democratic success. The Republican position and argument last year were essentially revolutionary. The argument was that the Democratic party, containing about half the voters in the country, was controlled by rebel influences, and could not be safely intrusted with the administration. To disprove that assertion, and to show that Democrats were just as loyal and true as Republicans, was well worth Republican defeat. The course of the Administration has disproved the assertion utterly. The talk about the Confederacy in the saddle and the rebellion in the White House is silenced in its own absurdity. Parties are restored to their function within and under the government, and during this canvass in New York every intelligent Republican orator has admitted the sincerity and good purpose of the President in honest administration, and has contented himself with the legitimate party assertion that his party would not support him. That, of course, is a point to be determined by experience.

Since this extraordinary improvement in the general political situation has been caused unquestionably by the "departure" of the Mugwumps, why should any honorable Republican regret it? Not only has it enabled those who departed to vote this year with the party, but it has enabled those who remained to vote with renewed zeal and self-respect. Mr. **Choate** made the usual Republican mistake of asserting that the Mugwumps have learned that the Democratic party could not be trusted for reform. But they never said nor supposed that it could. They merely said, what was obvious enough, that the Republican party, accepting the candidate of last year, could not be trusted for reform. But they said, expressly, "Such Republicans do not propose to abandon the Republican party nor to merge themselves in any other party." They voted independently last year. They have voted independently this year. They will vote independently next year. They will support no candidate merely because he is a Republican or a Democrat, but only because he is an honest and competent representative of their views. They will not vote for unfit candidates at home because wrongs may be done to voters in Mississippi and South Carolina. They hold that until the corruption of patronage is removed by thorough reform of the principle and method of appointment, the proper function of parties is suspended. There is but one way in which the Republican party can secure the votes of those who hold reform in the civil service to be of immediate and pressing importance, and that is by the nomination of reform candidates and by practical fidelity to the principles of reform wherever it has the power. Should Mr. **Davenport** be defeated, notwithstanding the "return of the Mugwumps," the disaster unquestionably would be due to the departure of the Republican spoilsmen and of the Irish Democratic **Blaine** voters of last year. Such a result would instantly give paramount importance to the question of reform, and tend to unite all men of common views upon the subject. Should Mr. **Davenport** be elected, the Democratic Bourbons—and they are legion—would lay the blame upon President **Cleveland**'s reform policy, and every sincere Republican or Democratic friend of reform would do all that he could to strengthen the President's hands.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

In the county of Richmond, in New York, during the late campaign, the regular Democratic candidate was advertised as "pledged to vote for the repeal of the civil service law," and the posters of the irregular Democratic candidate were headed, "No Civil Service Humbug." This public appeal for support as opponents of the principle which the Democratic President has announced as the principle of his administration shows the situation of the Democratic party. The hostility illustrated by these appeals both of regular and irregular candidates is undoubtedly deep and wide-spread in the party. The question is asked openly in Democratic journals whether Mr. **Cleveland** is a Democrat; and before the election the *World* called upon him to write a letter expressly declaring his desire for the success of his party in New York. Should Mr. **Hill** be elected, the event would be hailed by the Bourbons in his party as a crushing rebuke of the reform views of the President. Should Mr. **Hill** be defeated, the failure would be ascribed by the same Bourbons to the President's policy. Whatever the result, therefore, the President will be held to be condemned by his own party in his own State, and the meeting of Congress is at hand.

Congress will find that after nine months of Democratic control of the Executive a very large part of the offices are still held by efficient Republicans; that the outrage of political assessments is practically at an end; that the Administration has refrained from interfering in State elections; that evasions of the reform law in the New York Custom-house for the benefit of the Democratic party have been signally rebuked; that the partisan misuse of the labor patronage in the Navy-yards—a familiar Republican offense—has been prohibited, and inquiries instituted into the facts of such misuse. Congress will find, in a word, that under this Democratic Administration the principle that the civil service, so far as practicable, should be kept independent of merely party politics, has been reduced to actual practice much more generally than under any administration—Whig, Republican, or Democratic—since the Democratic introduction of the spoils system fifty-two years ago. This is the unquestionable fact, despite **Higgins** and **Troup** and **Pillsbury**, and the New York Collector and Surveyor, and this is the situation which will confront the Democratic House.

The President is a Democrat. Like every President, he desires the support of his party. He knows that a President without a party is baffled at every turn. He naturally wishes that his party, coming into power with his administration after a long interval of a quarter of a century, shall vindicate its ability to control affairs honestly and satisfactorily. But he believes that to do this it is essential that the reforms to which a very powerful and probably the much larger part of his party is opposed shall be firmly and fairly carried out. Will the Democrats in Congress heartily sustain him? Not perfunctorily, not with shrugs and smothered curses and hostility, but frankly, heartily, and with strong conviction? Beyond Congress, will the Democratic party in the country support him as it supported **Jackson** in establishing the spoils system and in his war upon the Bank? Considering that the Republican party, full of intelligence and patriotism, in whose ranks the reform was cradled, and which had every reason, as the dominant party, to sustain and complete the reform, was never, in any just sense, the reform party, and regarded such action as was taken by **Grant** and **Hayes** and **Arthur** as a fantastic and unpractical concession to the sentimental whims of amateur politicians, there is no reason to suppose that the Democratic party will prove to be a reform party. What, then, will be the course of the President? Will he abandon his convictions and follow the reactionary lead of his party, or will he persevere and risk a breach? The character and career of the man are the answer to the question. They give assurance of his fidelity to his sense of duty, whatever the consequence. A firm and uncompromising reform course, and a breach in the Democratic party upon the issue of reform, would leave the President its conspicuous representative, to whose standard the reform vote of the country would rally, and compel a reorganization of party forces.

ABOLISHING A NUISANCE.

Two years ago the Democratic Governor **Cleveland** removed B. W. **Downing**, the Democratic District Attorney of Queens County, on the very eve of the election, although he was warned by the Democratic politicians that it would be better to delay action until after election day. The Governor held that public office is a public trust, and that he ought not to retain a dishonest officer in order to help his party. A few weeks since, on the day of the assembly of the Democratic State Convention in New York, President **Cleveland**'s letter to Mr. **Dorman** B. **Eaton** was published, in which he re-affirmed in the strongest terms his reform principles, which are the ground of distrust and opposition toward him in the Democratic party; and within a week of the election in New York he issued the notice to office-seekers that he had no time to attend to them, and must devote his attention to the more important duties of his office.

These are all illustrations of the character and the courage of the man. There is no trace in such conduct of the demagogue or of the mere partisan. It is in the highest sense becoming to the President of the United States, who, whatever his party sympathies, is the Chief Magistrate of all the people. But no part of the people can justly assume to be the great body of citizens, nor can any individual insist that the duty due to all shall be rendered to him. It is a common trick of the demagogue to assert that a public officer who is elected by the popular vote should be at the beck and call of anybody who chooses to intrude upon him, and that such an officer who insists upon devoting his time to his duties, and refusing to be overwhelmed by idle visitors, is an aristocrat, an iceberg, and an icicle. But a man can excuse himself from bores and idlers without surliness or discourtesy, and gentlemen of that class who persist in interrupting busy men must be taught better manners.

It has become the practice of office-seekers to overrun Washington at the inauguration of a President, and to take possession of the White House and the departments and the public offices, not only to the utter inconvenience of the officers to whom the occupancy of these buildings lawfully belongs, but to the serious obstruction and suspension of the public business. This is an evil which has become insupportable. It is a flagrant offense and injury to the whole country. There is nothing in the small number of this class of citizens which entitles them to peculiar respect or to a monopoly of the time of the Executive officers. Every man, indeed, may properly seek to enter the public service, and he may under the law present to any appointing officer the reasons for selecting him rather than another. But he has no right whatever to present his demand in person, and it is a duty which the appointing officer owes to the whole people to prohibit such personal demands when they interfere with the proper discharge of his official obligations. This is what the President has done, and it is another of the acts for which he will be thanked by every intelligent American citizen. It is high time that the intolerable nuisance of personal office-seeking pertinacity should be abolished, and that the crowd which attempts to occupy the President's time with their selfish individual interests should be taught emphatically that his time belongs to the whole people for the conduct of public business. The President is neither an "aristocrat" nor a "b'hoy." He is a self-respecting public officer who is determined to do his duty to all the people, and not to permit anybody under any plea to interpose his little private business.

> "After the first day of November, the President will decline to grant interviews to those seeking public positions, or their advocates. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays during that month, from ten to eleven o'clock in the morning, he will receive such other persons as call on strictly public business; and on the same days, at half past one in the afternoon, he will meet those who merely desire to pay their respects. On all other days and times during that month he will receive only Cabinet officers and heads of departments."

A SLANDER UPON THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.

The Democratic platform in New York contained an aspersion upon the national Civil Service Commission in the insinuation that it had connived at placing a very large majority of Republicans upon the eligible list from which selections for appointment would be made, and that just before the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland it had extended the term of eligibility upon the register in the interest of Republicans. The character of the Commission was a sufficient answer to any assertion or implication that there had been any partisan reason for such a result of the examination or change of the rule.

But Mr. Dorman B. Eaton, in a letter to the chairman of the Democratic Convention, put the whole matter in its true light. He showed that the examinations were equally open to every qualified applicant, whatever his party sympathy, and that if there was any disproportion of successful candidates holding the same political views, the result was due solely to the fact that applicants of other views did not present themselves; and Mr. Eaton showed by the unanimous report of eight Democratic and five Republican members of the House that the work of the Commission was wholly non-partisan, so that the want of an equal number of Democratic applicants could not have been due to any just suspicion that they would not be treated fairly.

As for extending the term of eligibility upon the register, Mr. Eaton states that as grade upon the list determines the order of certification, and as a person examined to-day may be appointed to-morrow if he is graded higher than an applicant who has been on the list for years, it makes little difference how long they remain upon the register. Certainly no party could suffer more than another by extending or diminishing the term unless it is shown that one party had unfairly monopolized the register. To this conclusive letter Mr. Ellery Anderson, chairman of the County Committee, replied to the effect that there was no allegation of prostitution of office, but that the Commission and boards are responsible for the results of the law, and that as these are all Republican, and the great majority of the eligible list are Republicans, partisanship has not been eliminated. This is merely a reiteration of the charge under the plea of explaining it. It is a plain assertion of a prostitution of office, both of the Commission and of the boards of examination—a charge which Mr. Eaton had completely answered and demolished in his letter.

THE FAMOUS ESSAY OF MALTHUS.

There was never a book at once so little read and so soundly abused as *Malthus on Population*. There was nothing too severe to be said of it when it was published, and the author was denounced as if he were a moral monster. In fact, however, as is often the case, he was one of the gentlest and most benevolent of men, and his work was a scientific inquiry of the utmost value into economical and social questions of the highest importance. Malthus was born in 1766, and graduated at Cambridge in 1788, an excellent scholar. He gave himself to study, and the year after taking his Master's degree in 1797, and entering the Church, he published the essay which gave him fame and determined the course of his life.

The essay was incited by his disagreement with the views of William Godwin, which the father of Malthus, a friend of Rousseau, warmly defended, and which the son opposed. Their conversations stimulated his mind and gave precision to his views, and his essay was written to correct doctrines which, however apparently humane and generally and sincerely entertained, he thought to be productive of much mischief and suffering. "In the *Essay on Population* he was inquiring into the nature and causes of poverty, as Adam Smith had inquired into the nature and causes of wealth."

Malthus justly claimed to be as true a philanthropist as Godwin, but he shows that Godwin's dream of human society, which he had set forth in *Political Justice* and the *Enquirer*, is a Utopia as truly as Sir Thomas More's. His original postulate was that "population when unchecked increases in a geometrical ratio, subsistence only in an arithmetical." Population multiplies up to the limit of food. In England it tended to pass that limit. The true check is moral. Consequently the greater the enlightenment, the greater the happiness. Yet "Malthus was not Malthus because he said 'the people are too many; thin them down'—any more than Darwin was Darwin because he said 'species are not made, but grow.'" The originality of neither is to be described by a single phrase. Mr. Bonar has done a great service by presenting in a moderate volume, which is just issued by the Harpers, a clear and complete statement of the doctrines of Malthus, with the changes and modifications of his views, which, however, never affected their substance. The work is executed in a very pleasing and attractive manner, and it will do much to show to this generation Malthus as he was, a kind and wise philanthropist.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

Fortunately for General McClellan he had outlived the asperities of feeling that follow a tremendous civil war, and color the immediate judgment of its conspicuous figures. There was a time, twenty-three years ago, when a phrase—"short, sharp, and decisive"—described the war as eager patriots desired that it should be, and coming from a young commander of whom much was hoped from his professional reputation, made him the hero of the hour—"the expectancy and rose of the fair state."

It was not his fault that the promise was not fulfilled. He was the victim of an overwrought public imagination and desire. The crisp words that he had used were singularly inharmonious with his cautious temperament and his reluctant action. Moreover, he had been better educated as a soldier than as a citizen, and the moral significance of the war of great principles was lost in the view of it as a mere contest for political union. We do not forget Mr. Lincoln's letter to Mr. Greeley, but neither do we forget that no man in the country saw more clearly than Lincoln that a house divided against itself can not stand.

It was a cruel fate that made General McClellan in 1864, despite his personal explanations, the candidate of the reaction against the war. It was an "impossible" position, and although he was subsequently elected Governor of New Jersey, he did not regain the earlier place in the public mind. But with the lapse of years partisan bitterness of feeling softened, and it is now seen, and will not be forgotten, that he was one of the men who at a great crisis are enabled to be of real service, less from what they are than from what they are believed to be.

THE BULGARIAN TROUBLE.

When Servia attacks Bulgaria, it is not like Germany attacking France, or England Russia. The Danubian principalities, which lie along the river and under the Balkan Mountains, and separate Turkey from the great states of Europe, are pawns in a secret game. Their politics are those of the great powers. Their revolutions are not movements of the people; they are incited from without. They are nominally Christian provinces, with the Sultan for their sovereign, but under the protection of Christian powers.

The late movement to annex Roumelia to Bulgaria under Prince Alexander is understood to be a stroke to head off a revolution which was projected under Russian auspices. The Russian purpose is to acquire as far as possible complete ascendency in the Danubian region in order to facilitate her ultimate plans upon Constantinople. This purpose is held in check by the other European states, which look with apprehension upon the enormous aggrandizement of Russia which would follow her possession of Turkey.

In the same way the march of Servia upon Bulgaria, under the plea that Servia must have an equal extension of territory, is supposed to be an Austrian play in the game. England's friendship for Turkey is, of course, merely opposition to Russian expansion, and is checked by the sympathy of English opinion with the Christian subjects of the Sultan. The Conference of the great powers will doubtless settle the present trouble if only they can agree. If they should decide that the *status quo* must be restored, that result can not be prevented. But if they should disagree, serious trouble can not be avoided.

IRISH CASTLE RULE.

In the Toronto *Week* there is an interesting statement in regard to the Irish Viceroyalty which is probably not generally known, and which is presumably by Goldwin Smith:

> "To all the outcries of Irish Nationalists about the tyranny of Great Britain in imposing the Viceroyalty, or Castle Rule, as it is rhetorically called, on Ireland, the answer is short, simple, and conclusive. Thirty-five years ago the House of Commons passed by a majority of four to one a bill for the abolition of the Viceroyalty brought in by Lord John Russell; but the bill was dropped after the second reading in consequence of the opposition of the Irish members, and the measure was ultimately abandoned in deference, as was expressly stated by the Lord-Lieutenant (Earl St. Germains), to the wishes of the Irish people. Great indignation meetings were held at Dublin, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, with a train of Aldermen, presented himself at the bar of the House of Commons with a petition against the bill. Nor have the hundred representatives of Ireland in the House of Commons ever since that time exerted their influence to obtain a change which, as they well knew, would on their demand have been at once conceded by Parliament. Some effrontery surely is required, in face of these facts, to charge the English people with maintaining the Viceroyalty for the purpose of depriving the Irish of self-government."

The same authority quotes "Philo-Celt," in *Macmillan*, who controverts the assertion that the government of Ireland is a government of Englishmen, and gives a long list of important places in Irish administration which are held by Irishmen. The writer adds:

> "The truth is that British Ministers have always desired to find Irishmen for Irish appointments, and especially for the Chief Secretaryship. Nationality was the special recommendation in the cases of Mr. Chichester Fortescue and Lord Naas. But political feeling and religious animosity in Ireland have run so high that it was hardly possible to find a Chief Secretary of one party or sect who would not be utterly odious to the other. The Orangemen of Ulster are Irishmen, and about the foremost of Irishmen, yet a series of Orange Chief Secretaries would hardly have satisfied the Catholics. The Chancellor and all the judges in Ireland are Irishmen, but this does not prevent the judiciary from being vilified as an organ of tyranny and judicial murder. It is not redress of grievances or extension of self-government that is aimed at, but separation."

Meanwhile, Mr. Parnell is securing everywhere the nomination of the Irish candidates whom he favors, and who are pledged to obey him.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, D.D., of Providence, Rhode Island, is engaged in the preparation of a catalogue of the remarkable and unique collection of books known as the "Harris Collection of American Poetry," bequeathed to Brown University by the late Senator Anthony. The collection consists of over six thousand volumes, and the catalogue will be especially interesting for its biographical and bibliographical notes.

—A man of letters in this city was under contract with a publisher to write a book of about 36,000 words, or what would be equivalent to forty columns of Harper's Weekly. He had prepared himself carefully for the task, but the contemplation of its manual labor tired him in advance. He went to a type-writer's office down-town, where three or four industrious girls were earning their living, and learned that he could dictate to one of them at the rate of from 1800 to 3000 words an hour, by paying four cents a hundred words. The noise of the clicking machines at first threatened to disturb his efforts at original composition, but before he had worked half an hour he was used to it. The business of composing and dictating the 36,000 words occupied about twenty hours, or five or six days of three or four hours each. At the end of each sitting he left the office with his completed MS. in his hand. The result was accomplished without fatigue, and its quality, he says, was unusually good—for him. He further testifies that, for the first time in his life, he has "a realizing sense" of what emancipation is.

—Signor Salvini, at a dinner recently given him by the Saturday Night Club, was compelled to listen to more praise to his face than most men ever receive behind their backs, only every one of the speakers seemed absolutely sincere in pronouncing him the most illustrious of living actors. In response to a toast the famous tragedian said in Italian that this fourth visit of his to America was made because he liked Americans and their ways, and not because of dollars. As he stood regaling his listeners with the most delightful barytone voice ever heard on the American stage, he might have been mistaken—but for his faultless dress suit—for an old Roman of the better days, so noble and even majestic was his presence. He seemed head and shoulders above every other man in the room. Two Italian musicians, just arrived to try their fortunes in this country, were among the guests, and it was interesting to note the cordial praise and handsome predictions that greeted them from the lips of their successful fellow-artist.

—Everybody in Buffalo knows President Cleveland's late law partner, "Sim" Bissell, a generously weighted man of three hundred pounds, each of which is directly committed to civil service reform. Mr. Bissell's brother recently asked him for help in securing a collectorship. "My dear fellow," replied the lawyer, "ask anything else of me but that. I wouldn't for a thousand worlds request the President to do what might look in the faintest degree like nepotism, and nothing would induce me to accept a political favor at his hands."

—If the daughter of the Crown Prince of Germany marries Prince Alexander of Bulgaria, of whom she is fond, but who is not a royal personage, the marriage, it is said, would be regarded by the German court just as the marriage of a duke's daughter with a footman would be regarded. It would be practically a morganatic marriage at best. Regal etiquette in such matters is much stricter in Germany than in England, where the Princess Louise married, without serious discomfort, a non-royal personage.

—An impressive feature of the funeral services of the late Lord Shaftesbury was the magnificent music in Westminster Abbey, especially the playing of the two "Marches." Black was universally worn by the audience; and a physician's daughter who wore an outer jacket not black was turned out.

—Queen Victoria's children having been successively pensioned and endowed by the government, the English Radicals are now agitating the question whether her grandchildren are to receive similar treatment. They are quite sure that they want to draw a line at the grandchildren.

—Rochefort, the French Communist, and editor of the *Intransigéant*, has a very large head, white hair, and a very wide chest. His father, the late Marquis de Rochefort, was a hopeless spendthrift, whose last years were mostly passed in a debtor's prison. The son has the reputation of never saving a cent, and of spoiling his children and his grandchildren. He loses much money on the turf. He buys all sorts of costly *bric-à-brac* at auction sales. He is never ready to write for his newspaper until the printers are howling for "copy." He is an excellent judge of pictures, and has a passion for music. "I often whistle melodies entirely my own," he says, "which reflect the mood that happens to dominate me."

—In Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's house, overlooking Hyde Park, London, is a suite of rooms where the late Lord Beaconsfield lived for several months as the guest of the owner, who cherishes the fact with pride, although he has converted Lord Beaconsfield's bedroom into a smoking-room, and added his private *salon* to the principal drawing-room.

—"I once had a friend of aristocratic birth," says Mr. Labouchere, "who emigrated to New Zealand, and there became a turnkey. On being asked why he adopted such a business, he replied that he preferred, by Jove! turning the key on others to being locked up himself."

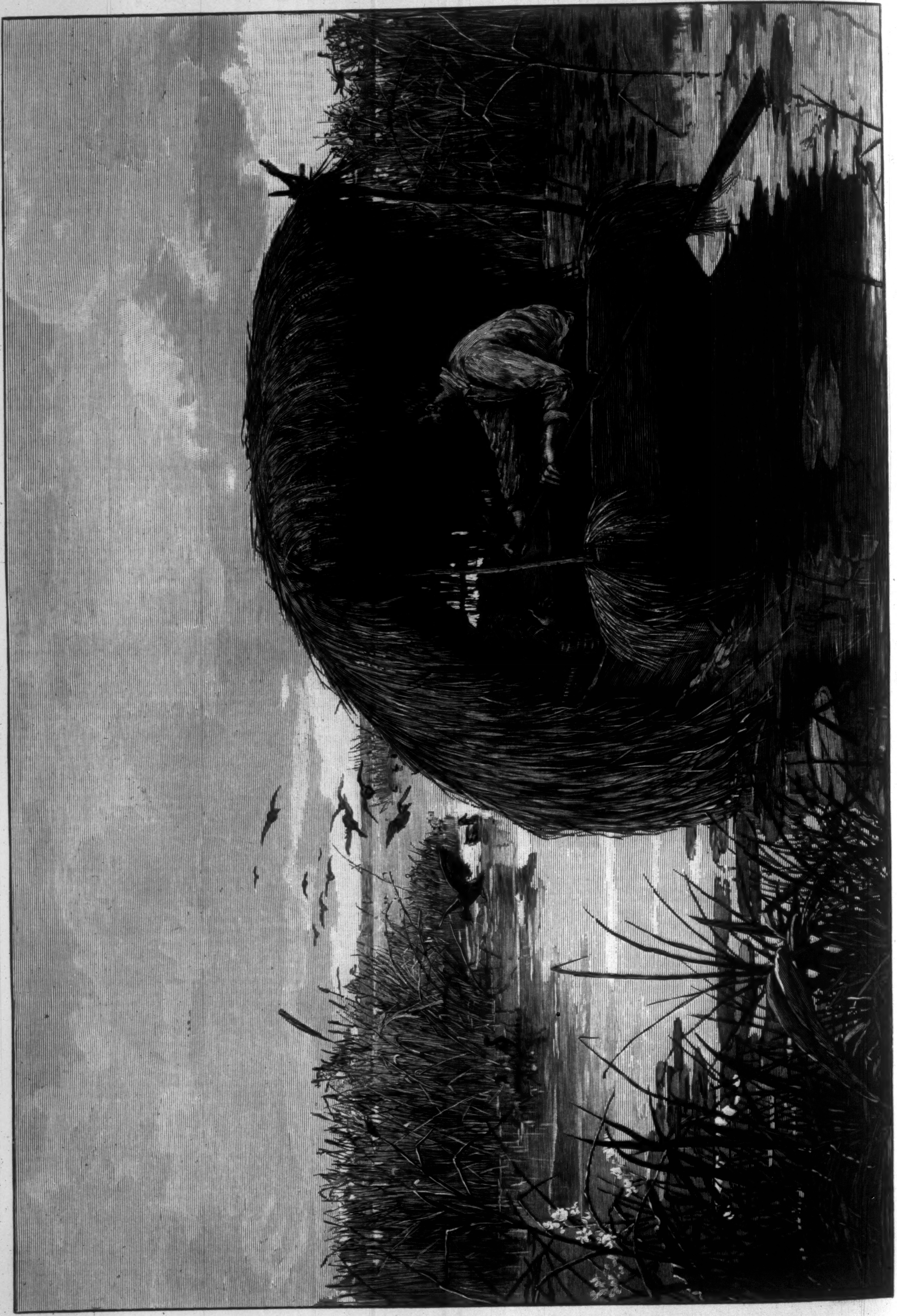
—Mr. Ames Van Wart, the sculptor, son-in-law of the late Marshall O. Roberts, has been entertaining Minister Phelps and Mrs. Phelps at Balnaboth, Forfarshire, Scotland, where he rents an extensive shooting ground in the midst of some noble Highland scenery.

—Carlotta Patti's voice has worn out, and she is now teaching singing in Paris. Adelina Patti's voice, after twenty-six years of public service, still delights thousands. The true and detailed story of her method of taking care of it would be an invaluable addition to musical literature.

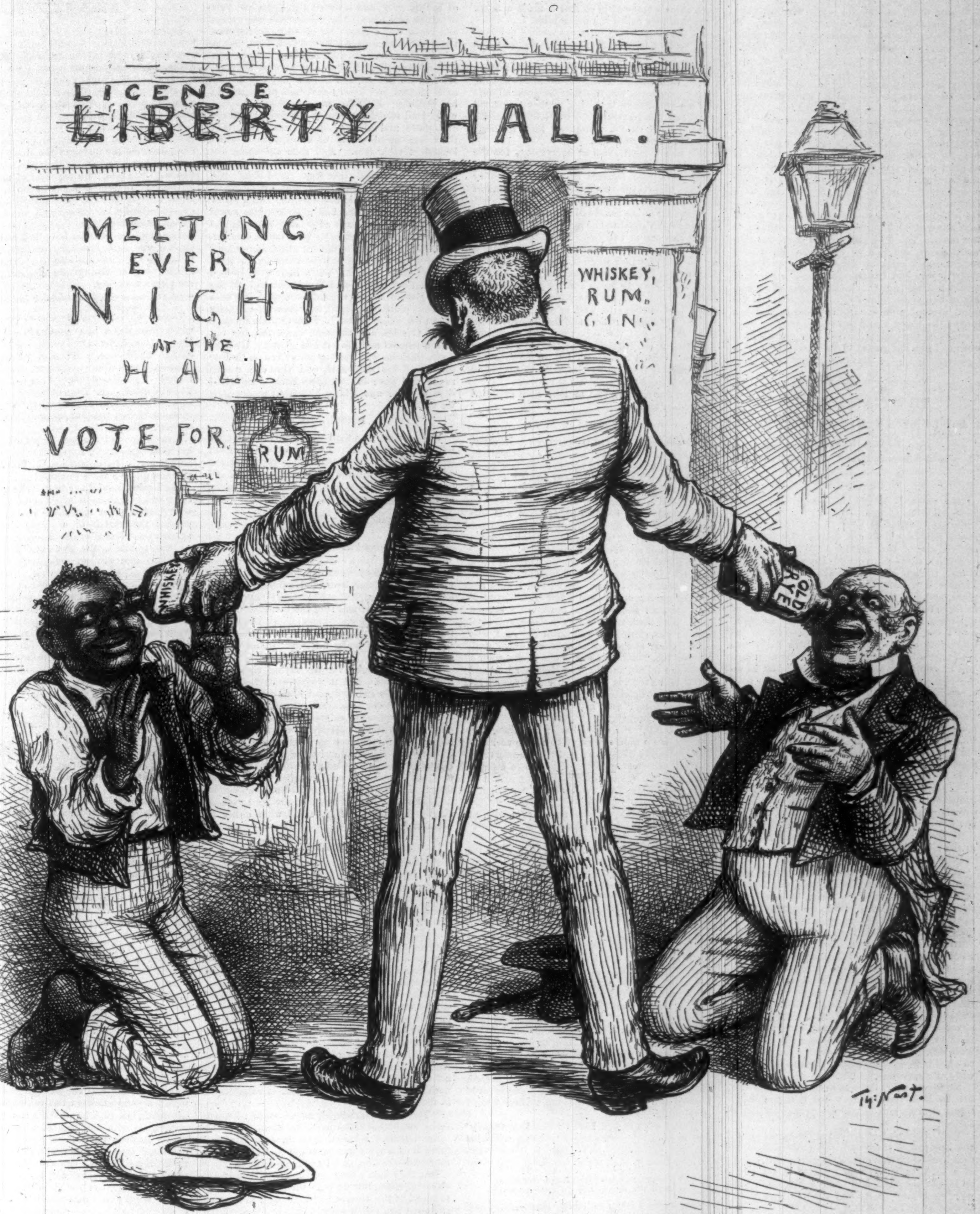
—Mr. Walt Whitman's admirers in England have started a subscription as a free-will offering for his benefit. In announcing the fact, the London *Athenæum* adds that "the poet is in his sixty-seventh year, and has since his enforced retirement, some years ago, from oficial work in Washington, owing to an attack of paralysis, maintained himself precariously by the sale of his works in poetry and prose and by occasional contributions to magazines."

—A Danish physician, Dr. Hertel, has been gathering statistics which show that in the schools of Copenhagen twenty-four boys out of every hundred suffer from headache. They work eight hours a day, six days in the week, and from two to four hours at home. He laments the absence of facilities for romping and other sport.

—Mr. E. B. Washburne heard Abraham Lincoln called "Old Abe" for the first time at Chicago in July, 1847. "He was then a young man only thirty-six years of age. One afternoon several of us sat on the sidewalk under the balcony in front of the Sherman House, and among the number the accomplished scholar and unrivalled orator Lisle Smith, who suddenly interrupted the conversation by exclaiming: 'There is Lincoln on the other side of the street. Just look at old Abe! And from that time we all called him 'Old Abe.' No one who saw him can forget his personal appearance at that time. Tall, angular, and awkward, he had on a short-waisted, thin, swallow-tail coat, a short vest of the same material, thin pantaloons scarcely coming down to his ankles, a straw hat, and a pair of brogans, with woollen socks."



WILD-FOWL SHOOTING FROM A "SCULLING FLOAT."—DRAWN BY ALBERT G. REINHART.—[SEE PAGE 725.]



THE GREATEST OF AMERICAN INTIMIDATORS NORTH AND SOUTH.

Practical Politician. "Vote as I dictate!"

SHOOTING FROM A "SCULLING FLOAT."

What is more beautiful to sportsmen's fancy than the great rivers of the Northwest glittering in the fading autumn sunlight? Having their source in some reed-bound chain of ponds, and swelling on their way through flowery prairies and sombre timber lands, they speed on for hundreds of miles until they yield their rippling waters to old Father Mississippi.

It is along these great water highways that the wild fowl of the unknown North make their way. Not "solitary way" as Poet Bryant has it, by a great deal, but in long processions composed of wavering phalanxes marshalled by tried and disciplined leaders. Such flights occur along the Des Moines River, Iowa, every fall. But in mild seasons like the present one, although there has been an influx of fowl since early in October, it is not until the ghost of quaint old Colonel Hawker pays its annual visit for a week's shooting to Captain Symmes's Hole that the fowl are routed from their secluded haunt, and come to us with quivering and whistling wings.

As yet only the mornings and evenings are keen and bracing, so that the lakes which lie adjacent to the river still glisten with green lily-pads and wave with bending grasses. To these tranquil sheets of water the feathered tenants of the marshes repair. First seen in long quivering lines, they seem like strings of jet beads drifting in the air. They are the flocks of mallards. How quickly they lower in their flight when they approach their feeding or roosting grounds! As they circle over the open water of the ponds the fast-sinking sun strikes against their gorgeous plumage, resplendent with emerald green and changing purplish reflections. The old drakes huskily call "quack, quack," and lowering their orange red feet, plunge into the pure water with such force as to make diamond drops glisten in the air. As night closes in, only the shadowy outlines of the coming flocks can be seen dropping from the sky, yet long after dark from all parts of the pond can be heard the splashings of alighting flocks, and at intervals the prolonged quacking of the welcoming ducks.

Of the many methods employed by man to circumvent wild fowl, the "sculling float," as used by the Mississippi and Des Moines River gunners, is perhaps the most destructive. The gunner must necessarily rely on "bushwhacking" shots, that is, shooting at the birds when they are huddled together on the water. It is not uncommon for the expert gunner to scull up to large flocks within easy range, and to kill twenty to thirty mallards with both barrels. The writer once saw twenty-six mallards killed with one discharge, and on another occasion twenty-seven teal, out of a large flock, with two. It is not, however, the gunner who is entitled to the credit of slaughtering the birds in this way, but the crafty sculler, who, when it is possible, works his reed-covered boat up silently to the birds from the windward side, before they can detect the masked battery from the marshy surroundings. Ducks can easily be approached by the sculling float, but the device, which is as old as the hills, was first employed in this country for the purpose of killing the wary wild-geese which frequent the shoals in the Mississippi River. The floats are trimmed with rushes, reeds, or grass, in keeping with the river-banks. In winter the thatched canopy is thrown aside, and the boat changes its color from olive brown to white, and its bow and sides are walled up with blocks of ice. Then the shooting ceases to be sport, and the birds are only followed for marketing purposes.

Yet while the pursuit of the birds by the sculling float can not be ranked with the highest attainments of the sportsman, there is still something so novel in the method to the visitor of the West that he is pretty sure to be found "floating it" with the market gunners. There are so many of the ingredients of chance mixed up with the shooting of fowl in this way, the uncertainty and excitement incidental to the approach of the birds are such, that to a new hand a long sculling drift on a large flock is not without more or less pleasurable anxiety.

Watch how carefully the sculling float yonder emerges from the reedy background. The sculler with great skill sends the boat steadily forward without creating a ripple on the water. Slowly it follows down one of the many winding ways of the marsh which lead to the open water. It steals its way along as silently as the hour hand of a watch; its path is strewn with flowers, among which the tidy little teal and the bobbing coot play an endless game of tag. To them the float has no terrors on approach. It is only when the little birds get a peep behind the scenes that they chatter with terror and go scurrying off. At the many turns the boat rarely scrapes against the bristling reeds. Now and then strings of low-flying mallards with outstretched wings go sailing by. So unconscious are they that an enemy is at hand that they actually fan the fowler's face. Again, around some sharp bend, the float routs a solitary mallard, which goes quacking to a distant part of the marsh. At last the open water is sighted, dotted with several flocks of geese. One posse of honkers rests in close proximity to the reeds. The float bears down upon the convivial party, and just as one prosy old gander reminiscently remarks for the hundredth time that "it was just twenty years ago," a cloud of smoke belches from the masked bower, the booming of two shots echoes like thunder across the pond, a cloud of white feathers like snow-flakes strews the water, amidst which lie the fluttering remains of the gallant birds which are the only ones to know the gossip of the poles.

Franklin Satterthwaite.

THE PIANO FIEND.

A STORY IN FIVE EPISODES.

By J. S. WINTER,

Author of "Bootles' Baby," "Houp-La," etc., etc.

EPISODE I.

Our name is Moggeridge—Algy, Maud, and Evangeline Moggeridge—and we live in a pretty little semi-detached villa on the Castle Road, about half-way between the Cavalry Barracks and the city of Warnecliffe.

Mother says—oh yes, we have a mother, of course, though pa died five years ago—that the Laurels is a nasty little cramped-up box of a place, and that we could have got a house twice as large for the same money on the other side of the town a little way out; but then, as Maud and I say, there would be no barracks on the other side of the town, and it isn't likely two smart girls like us were going to bury ourselves just to gratify an old lady's whims. And as we tell mother, she has had her day, and we want ours—and we mean to have it, too.

I consider that Maud is a very handsome girl, though she persists in saying she is not half so handsome as I am. Maud is a tall, dashing girl, with a slender figure and lots of style. She has big brown eyes (they look glorious when they're touched up a bit underneath), plenty of color, a little short nose, rather a wide mouth, with very white teeth and ripe red lips. Then, too, she has heaps of dark silky, fluffy hair, which curls all over her forehead, half hides her ears, and lies at the back of her milk-white neck in bewitching little waves; all the rest is gathered in a mass at the top of her head.

People say we are very much alike.

We were sorry when the Scarlet Lancers went away; it was such a becoming uniform, and the officers were continually passing to and fro in their regimentals. I *do* like to see a man in regimentals; but then I dote upon the military—so does Maud. We didn't get to know any of the Scarlet Lancers; but we heard before the Black Horse arrived that one of the married officers had taken the house next door to us, when, of course, things would be different. And very glad we were of the change, for the people who lived in that house before were very common shop people, or something of that kind. And what was most aggravating of all, mother got to know them, and used to be always going in and out gossiping with Mrs. Barker, who dropped her *h's*, and used to wash her own door-step if she happened to be without a servant.

Mother wouldn't listen to reason about it either; but, as Maud said, mother has a taste for low things, and no idea of taking a proper position in society.

Well, the regiment arrived at the barracks, and the new people came and took possession of the next house—or rather their luggage did, in charge of a lot of soldiers, who tumbled it out in the middle of the road, and made a litter and mess with straw and paper and rubbish that wasn't cleared away for weeks.

Just as the soldiers were going away, three cabs appeared, all piled up with luggage, a man-servant, a fat old woman we thought must be the cook, and a smart young lady whom we took to be the mistress, until presently she appeared with a cap and an apron on, and helped to unpack the things. We found out afterward that she was the lady's-maid, and did a little light house-work. Maud and I took the opportunity of going to the end of the road to post a letter, just to get a peep at the name on the luggage, and it fairly took our breath away, it looked so romantic and distinguished—

Captain Otho Strange,
Twenty-fifth Dragoons, Warnecliffe.

Captain Otho Strange! Fancy being called Mrs. Otho Strange, and putting it on your cards, and seeing it on your letters! What luck some people have! What a shame he happened to be married! and how well either of our names would have gone with his—Maud Strange, Evangeline Strange! What luck some people have!

We didn't think much of the furniture; it all took to pieces, and the man put everything together in the road, not caring a bit who was looking on. There was a big wooden bath, an oval thing with a lid; the lid came off; three smart black and gold legs came out of the tub first, and were quickly screwed in so that it made a table. I suppose they called it a *gypsy* table.

All the dining-room furniture seemed to be the same sort of thing. A huge packing case was opened, and out came arms and legs and backs and seats of chairs; these were all screwed together, and carried in-doors—common-looking things they were, too, not half so good as ours that we are always bothering mother to get rid of. Then the packing case itself turned inside out and made into a chiffonier. Such a thing! I wouldn't have owned it.

We had a good stare at everything, for the servants didn't seem to mind on-lookers a bit. There were nice squares of carpet, Turkey or Persian, and very handsome velvet chairs, lots of lovely skin rugs, and pictures without end.

But as far as we could tell, the furniture in the drawing-room consisted of nothing but big velvet chairs and one or two cases which turned inside out and made into big velvet ottomans. Still, it all looked very nice when it was done, for they had the gas lighted one night and forgot to pull the blinds down, so Maud and I went to the gate to have a look, and saw everything. There were white lace curtains as well as the velvet ones, and the big chairs set here and there on the handsome carpet, and the skin rugs just anywhere. And one of the bath-lid tables had got a pretty lace and muslin cover with lots of colored ribbons hanging from it; so with half a dozen plants the room looked very habitable indeed.

Mary, our servant, told us they were expected by the last train.

EPISODE II.

We have seen them; they came out quite early, long before ten o'clock, he in his regimentals, and she in a fresh white cotton breakfast gown trimmed with Madeira-work—so pretty; and she stood holding the top of the gate with one hand and picked a bit of fluff off his coat with the other; and then he said something, and she laughed, and then he laughed too, and patted her face with his hand; and then he actually saluted her, just as if she had been a stranger.

She stood leaning her arms on the gate for a good bit after he went—long after he had disappeared round the corner. Maud and I went out into our garden and picked a few dead leaves off the rose-trees and gathered ourselves a button-hole. And then, whilst we were there, and Mrs. Strange was staring up and down the road, who should come along but another officer, in regimentals too, but he was on horseback—such a handsome fellow, and younger than her husband—and he waved his hand to her and reined his horse up just outside the gate.

"Hollo, Kitty!" said he, "I hardly expected to see you this morning."

"Well, Bill," she called back; and then, yes, actually, if he didn't bend down and give her a great, sounding kiss—yes; and the man-servant, who had come out to do something at a creeper which grew up by the window, standing by. And Maud said to me, "Ah, don't officers' wives get a good time, just?"

"Where's Strange?" he asked presently, at the same time stealing a glance at us.

"Just gone," she answered.

"Well, I must be off, or I shall be too late for officers' call. By-by."

"By-by," she said, with a laugh; and then she watched him go down the road too. Fancy a woman being able to stand at a gate and watch two good-looking fellows go down the road in less than half an hour!

But she didn't go in then. She strolled about the little garden, and had a long talk to the man about the flowers and the creepers. She didn't seem a bit stuck up either, for she laughed right out twice, and the man laughed too, though he put up his hand and pretended he didn't. However, at last she went in-doors and left him.

How jolly it must be to have a man-servant, and tell him just what you want him to do! What luck some people have! And, as Maud said to me, she wasn't half as good-looking as us.

"What shall we do?" I said to Maud.

"Oh, go in and sing something," she answered. She's awfully proud of my singing, Maud is; and I knew she wanted Mrs. Strange to hear what I could do in that way.

Well, I went in, and I sang "The Lost Chord," just to clear my voice and set me going, and then "In the Gloaming," and "Golden Love." I'm awfully fond of that, it's so touching.

> "Never to part, oh, darling, never more,
> Until the angels call us home to rest!"

I sang ever so many more after that—all my best songs, in fact—last of all, "Laddie."

> "Oh, Laddie, Laddie, Laddie,
>   Come back, if 'tis but to say,
> The angels above have found thee alone,
>   And borne thy burden away!"

I do like that song; one can put so much *expression* into it!

I didn't sing any more after that, but Maud said she thought she'd practice a bit. She's a splendid player, is Maud, so dashing and brilliant. She played a good lot that morning—more than usual; in fact, until Algy came in and it was our dinner-time.

When Algy went back to the office I strolled out as far as the gate with him. But he went away with a horrid short pipe in his mouth, and told me to go in and not make an exhibition of myself. *That* was because I tried to pick a great, long, carroty hair off his coat. I didn't go in, but I wished I hadn't come out. That's the way with brothers; they're so provoking, and they always make you feel so small.

Well, it wasn't very long after that that Maud called out, "Evangeline—*oh!*" and made a rush to the window. I went after her, and saw the very loveliest turn-out I have ever seen in our road before. Of course it belonged to the Stranges. It was a sort of low dog-cart made of basket-work, and drawn by the prettiest pair of ponies ever I saw. The linings were rifle green, and there was a good deal of brass on the harness; the ponies were brown—very dark. Captain Strange came out first, smoking *a pipe*—just such a horrid dirty thing as Algy persists in using. He had no hat on, and wore a plain light gray suit—dittoes, you know—and had his hands in his pockets. He went out into the road and walked all round the ponies, punched them here and there and slapped their necks, smoothed their legs down—some of them, that is—and looked at their feet. And then she came out and looked, and she punched them and slapped them and smoothed their legs. And didn't she look stylish, just, all in black, with beads everywhere that glittered in the sunshine like a lot of black diamonds! She had a little white straw hat with a great bunch of creamy roses at the front, and tan gloves sewn with black, and not so much as a bit of ornament about her—not a bracelet, nor a necklet, nor an ear-ring, not even a watch chain; nothing but a little gold brooch to fasten her collar; and Maud, who had got the opera-glasses to get a good look, said it was a perfectly plain bar of gold, with raised gold letters—just the name "Otho." Then Captain Strange called Charles, and the man came running out with a parasol and his hat and gloves. He bent down when he was putting his gloves on to hear something his wife said, and then he turned round and gave our windows such a stare! I dare say she was telling him what smart girls we were.

EPISODE III.

Well, I never! Of all the insults— But I'll tell you about it. Maud and I went and called on Mrs. Strange this afternoon. We knew she was in, but Charles said she wasn't at home. Of course we couldn't say so, so we left our cards, and I think our cards look very well

Maud Moggeridge.

Evangeline Moggeridge.

And actually they went out for their drive as usual half an hour later, and as soon as their backs were turned, if that impudent Charles didn't come to our house and ring the bell!

"Mrs. Strange's compliments," said he, handing Mary an envelope, "and she thinks there must have been some mistake." And off he went.

"It's to apologize for his saying she wasn't in," said Maud. But it wasn't. There was no address on the envelope, and when we opened it, there fell out *our own cards*.

And I suppose she calls herself a lady!—a vulgar stuck-up thing. So Maud and I resolved to let her see that we are as good as she any day of the week. Just fancy! after our condescending to go and call on a brazen-faced thing like that, who carries on with another fellow as she does! *I* wonder her husband stands it; but he doesn't care, not a button, and the young officer simply *lives* there. *I* can't tell what either of them can see in her.

EPISODE IV.

Another insult. I never saw such insolent people in all my life. If that Charles didn't actually come again with a note for Mrs. Moggeridge. But I'll tell you. It began, "Dear Madam," and it said, in the most brutally plain terms, that his wife, being an author of distinction, found our piano and our singing—Maud's playing and *my* singing, if you please!—a very great hinderance, and that they would be very much obliged if we could abstain from music between the hours of ten and one in the morning.

Mother was out when the note came, and of course we hadn't waited for her to come in to open it, so Maud put it in the fire, and didn't we let them have it, just! It was half past nine when the note came, and we sat down to the piano and kept at it till we saw him come home to lunch at one, and I must say I closed the instrument with a feeling that I hadn't made my throat sore for nothing. There was a good deal of satisfaction in that.

"There!" I exclaimed, as we watched them drive away that afternoon, "I think we've let 'your obedient servant, Otho Strange, Captain,' know how much value we set on you and the author of distinction, and I hope you liked it."

But they didn't look as if they liked it at all, either of them, but we paid them out. He used to scowl at the windows, and she used to sneer as she went out, and if we met either of them in the street, they used to look straight past us and pretend they didn't see us. Such humbug!

But we paid them out; we played and we sang morning, noon, and night, except when they were out in the evening, which was pretty often, and then we took a rest. And whenever any of the officers came to see them, they used to look our way, of course, and we used to look back, and then they used to laugh, and we smiled back, and then they bowed, and so did we, and didn't she look daggers at us, just, the nasty, stuck-up cat! Yes, she wanted all the admiration for herself—that was what she wanted.

And after we had given them about a week to find out what we could do, there came another "Dear Madam" letter, objecting to our musical performances—*this* time as an intolerable nuisance—and saying if they were not stopped as desired, he should take measures to remedy the matter, and promptly. We didn't let mother see that letter either; we put it in the fire like the other, and let him take measures, as many as he liked. Maud just went on playing till her fingers nearly dropped off, with the top open and the loud pedal down, and I sang till I nearly cracked my throat. But we paid the author of distinction out finely, didn't we, just? And we found out that "Bill" is only her brother, after all.

EPISODE V.

Evangeline Moggeridge had written thus far when a change came o'er the spirit of her dream and Maud's, and as the unfinished manuscript happened to fall into my hands, I concluded that it would not be ill-spent time for me to wind up the little story of the piano fiend in a fifth episode, compiled from accounts which reached me from either side of the wall.

It was thus: about five weeks had passed since Mrs. Strange had positively, but in terms of politeness, declined the honor of the Moggeridge girls' acquaintance by returning their cards—five weeks which to her had been a period of torture indescribable. Letters proving of no avail, and a legal remedy seeming to Strange too slow in operation, and also too costly a process for such a case, he set his wits to work, and took a revenge of his own—he flattered himself it was novel; he knew it was, so to speak, by wholesale. And the following day he put it into use. The effect was miraculous, for Evangeline Moggeridge was at the piano a-singing,

"An-n-n-n-n-gels, e-e-e-e-e-ever br-i-i-i-i-ght and
 f-a-a-a-a-air!
Ta-a-a-a-ke, o-o-o-h, ta-a-ke m-e-e-e t-o-o-o—"

when there was a "Bang—Crash—Bang!" next door, followed by a "Twiddle-diddle-twiddle-diddle-diddle-dee." Then a "Pom—Pom—Pom—Umtra—Umtra—Umtra! Bang—Bang—Bang! Twiddle-diddle. Pom—Pom—Pom! Twiddle-diddle-dee. Ting-a-ting-a-ting-a-ting-ting-ting!" followed by a maddening "Tum-a-dum, a-rum-a-dum, a-rum-a-dum, a-rum-tum-tum! Bang—Bang—Bang!"

Evangeline did her best—what might be called her level best—but "Angels ever bright and fair" hadn't much chance against the horrible discord and tumult of a band practice!

As I said, she did her best. She got Maud to come and play that she might stand up and shriek with better effect and more power. But what availed the shriek of a single human throat against the "Bang" of the big drum, the "Crash" of the cymbals, the distinct "Twiddle-diddle-twiddle-diddle dee" of the piccolo, the "Pom—Pom—Pom" of the trombone, the "Umtra—Umtra—Umtra" of the ophicleide, or, stay—perhaps I am not correct on that point—still there is a thing in a brass band which goes "Umtra—Umtra," is there not? And putting that aside, what chance had the fair Evangeline against all these, backed up by the "Ting-a-ting-a-ting" of the triangles, and the absolutely maddening "Rum-a-tum, a-rum-a-tum, a-rub-dub-dub" of the little drum as it rattled out the good old tune,

> "What could old Napoly do,
>   With all his Cuirassiers,
> When he met on the field of Waterloo
>   With the British Grenadiers?"

I give you my sacred word of honor, reader, that "angels," no matter how bright and fair, weren't in the same street with it!

Well, after three days of this, the Misses Moggeridge gave in and rested from their labors. Unfortunately their works followed them, and the band practices next door continued, worse than that, from morn till noon, and from noon till dewy eve; the miscellaneous practicing apparently of all the separate instruments in the entire band of forty-five performers, each hammering at some difficult and elusive passage, each in a different key to his comrades, continued also. And then there were explanations between Strange and brother Algy, and the distinguished author got her three hours of peace at last.

THE LAST OF THE VOUDOOS.

In the death of Jean Montanet, at the age of nearly a hundred years, New Orleans lost, at the end of August, the most extraordinary African character that ever obtained celebrity within her limits. Jean Montanet, or Jean La Ficelle, or Jean Latanié, or Jean Racine, or Jean Grisgris, or Jean Macaque, or Jean Bayou, or "Voudoo John," or "Bayou John," or "Doctor John," might well have been termed "The Last of the Voudoos"; not that the strange association with which he was affiliated has ceased to exist with his death, but that he was the last really important figure of a long line of wizards or witches whose African titles were recognized, and who exercised an influence over the colored population. Swarthy occultists will doubtless continue to elect their "queens" and high-priests through years to come, but the influence of the public school is gradually dissipating all faith in witchcraft, and no black hierophant now remains capable of manifesting such mystic knowledge or of inspiring such respect as Voudoo John exhibited and compelled. There will never be another "Rose," another "Marie," much less another Jean Bayou.

It may reasonably be doubted whether any other negro of African birth who lived in the South had a more extraordinary career than that of Jean Montanet. He was a native of Senegal, and claimed to have been a prince's son, in proof of which he was wont to call attention to a number of parallel scars on his cheek, extending in curves from the edge of either temple to the corner of the lips. This fact seems to me partly confirmatory of his statement, as Berenger-Feraud dwells at some length on the fact that the Bambaras, who are probably the finest negro race in Senegal, all wear such disfigurations. The scars are made by gashing the cheeks during infancy, and are considered a sign of race. Three parallel scars mark the freemen of the tribe; four distinguish their captives or slaves. Now Jean's face had, I am told, three scars, which would prove him a free-born Bambara, or at least a member of some free tribe allied to the Bambaras, and living upon their territory. At all events, Jean possessed physical characteristics answering to those by which the French ethnologists in Senegal distinguish the Bambaras. He was of middle height, very strongly built, with broad shoulders, well-developed muscles, an inky black skin, retreating forehead, small bright eyes, a very flat nose, and a woolly beard, gray only during the last few years of his long life. He had a resonant voice and a very authoritative manner.

At an early age he was kidnapped by Spanish slavers, who sold him at some Spanish port, whence he was ultimately shipped to Cuba. His West-Indian master taught him to be an excellent cook, ultimately became attached to him, and made him a present of his freedom. Jean soon afterward engaged on some Spanish vessel as ship's cook, and in the exercise of this calling voyaged considerably in both hemispheres. Finally tiring of the sea, he left his ship at New Orleans, and began life on shore as a cotton-roller. His physical strength gave him considerable advantage above his fellow-blacks; and his employers also discovered that he wielded some peculiar occult influence over the negroes, which made him valuable as an overseer or gang leader. Jean, in short, possessed the mysterious obi power, the existence of which has been recognized in most slave-holding communities, and with which many a West-Indian planter has been compelled by force of circumstances to effect a compromise. Accordingly Jean was permitted many liberties which other blacks, although free, would never have presumed to take. Soon it became rumored that he was a seer of no small powers, and that he could tell the future by the marks upon bales of cotton. I have never been able to learn the details of this queer method of telling fortunes; but Jean became so successful in the exercise of it that thousands of colored people flocked to him for predictions and counsel, and even white people, moved by curiosity or by doubt, paid him to prophesy for them. Finally he became wealthy enough to abandon the levee and purchase a large tract of property on the Bayou Road, where he built a house. His land extended from Prieur Street on the Bayou Road as far as Roman, covering the greater portion of an extensive square, now well built up. In those days it was a marshy green plain, with a few scattered habitations.

At his new home Jean continued the practice of fortune-telling, but combined it with the profession of creole medicine, and of arts still more mysterious. By-and-by his reputation became so great that he was able to demand and obtain immense fees. People of both races and both sexes thronged to see him—many coming even from far-away creole towns in the parishes, and well-dressed women, closely veiled, often knocked at his door. Parties paid from ten to twenty dollars for advice, for herb medicines, for recipes to make the hair grow, for cataplasms supposed to possess mysterious virtues, but really made with scraps of shoe-leather triturated into paste, for advice what ticket to buy in the Havana Lottery, for aid to recover stolen goods, for love powders, for counsel in family troubles, for charms by which to obtain revenge upon an enemy. Once Jean received a fee of fifty dollars for a potion. "It was water," he said to a creole confidant, "with some common herbs boiled in it. I hurt nobody; but if folks want to give me fifty dollars, I take the fifty dollars every time!" His office furniture consisted of a table, a chair, a picture of the Virgin Mary, an elephant's tusk, some shells which he said were African shells and enabled him to read the future, and a pack of cards in each of which a small hole had been burned. About his person he always carried two small bones wrapped around with a black string, which bones he really appeared to revere as fetiches. Wax candles were burned during his performances; and as he bought a whole box of them every few days during "flush times," one can imagine how large the number of his clients must have been. They poured money into his hands so generously that he became worth at least $50,000!

Then, indeed, did this possible son of a Bambara prince begin to live more grandly than any black potentate of Senegal. He had his carriage and pair, worthy of a planter, and his blooded saddle-horse, which he rode well, attired in a gaudy Spanish costume, and seated upon an elaborately decorated Mexican saddle. At home, where he ate and drank only the best—scorning claret worth less than a dollar the *litre*—he continued to find his simple furniture good enough for him; but he had at least fifteen wives—a harem worthy of Boubakar-Segou. White folks might have called them by a less honorific name, but Jean declared them his legitimate spouses according to African ritual. One of the curious features in modern slavery was the ownership of blacks by freedmen of their own color, and these negro slave-holders were usually savage and merciless masters. Jean was not; but it was by right of slave purchase that he obtained most of his wives, who bore him children in great multitude. Finally he managed to woo and win a white woman of the lowest class, who might have been, after a fashion, the Sultana-Validé of this Seraglio. On grand occasions Jean used to distribute largess among the colored population of his neighborhood in the shape of food—bowls of *gombo* or dishes of *jimbalaya*. He did it for popularity's sake in those days, perhaps; but in after-years, during the great epidemics, he did it for charity, even when so much reduced in circumstances that he was himself obliged to cook the food to be given away.

But Jean's greatness did not fail to entail certain cares. He did not know what to do with his money. He had no faith in banks, and had seen too much of the darker side of life to have much faith in human nature. For many years he kept his money under-ground, burying or taking it up at night only, occasionally concealing large sums so well that he could never find them again himself; and now, after many years, people still believe there are treasures entombed somewhere in the neighborhood of Prieur Street and Bayou Road. All business negotiations of a serious character caused him much worry, and as he found many willing to take advantage of his ignorance, he probably felt small remorse for certain questionable actions of his own. He was notoriously bad pay, and part of his property was seized at last to cover a debt. Then, in an evil hour, he asked a man without scruples to teach him how to write, believing that financial misfortunes were mostly due to ignorance of the alphabet. After he had learned to write his name, he was innocent enough one day to place his signature by request at the bottom of a blank sheet of paper, and, lo! his real estate passed from his possession in some horribly mysterious way. Still he had some money left, and made heroic efforts to retrieve his fortunes. He bought other property, and he invested desperately in lottery tickets. The lottery craze finally came upon him, and had far more to do with his ultimate ruin than his losses in the grocery, the shoemaker's shop, and other establishments into which he had put several thousand dollars as the silent partner of people who cheated him. He might certainly have continued to make a good living, since people still sent for him to cure them with his herbs, or went to see him to have their fortunes told; but all his earnings were wasted in tempting fortune. After a score of seizures and a long succession of evictions, he was at last obliged to seek hospitality from some of his numerous children; and of all he had once owned nothing remained to him but his African shells, his elephant's tusk, and the sewing-machine table that had served him to tell fortunes and to burn wax candles upon. Even these, I think, were attached a day or two before his death, which occurred at the house of his daughter by the white wife, an intelligent mulatto with many children of her own.

Jean's ideas of religion were primitive in the extreme. The conversion of the chief tribes of Senegal to Islam occurred in recent years, and it is probable that at the time he was captured by slavers his people were still in a condition little above gross fetichism. If during his years of servitude in a Catholic colony he had imbibed some notions of Romish Christianity, it is certain at least that the Christian ideas were always subordinated to the African—just as the image of the Virgin Mary was used by him merely as an auxiliary fetich in his witchcraft, and was considered as possessing much less power than the "elephant's toof." He was in many respects a humbug; but he may have sincerely believed in the efficacy of certain superstitious rites of his own. He stated that he had a Master whom he was bound to obey; that he could read the will of this Master in the twinkling of the stars; and often of clear nights the neighbors used to watch him standing alone at some street corner staring at the welkin, pulling his woolly beard, and talking in an unknown language to some imaginary being. Whenever Jean indulged in this freak, people knew that he needed money badly, and would probably try to borrow a dollar or two from some one in the vicinity next day.

Testimony to his remarkable skill in the use of herbs could be gathered from nearly every one now living who became well acquainted with him. During the epidemic of 1878, which uprooted the old belief in the total immunity of negroes and colored people from yellow fever, two of Jean's children were "taken down." "I have no money," he said, "but I can cure my children," which he proceeded to do with the aid of some weeds plucked from the edge of the Prieur Street gutters. One of the herbs, I am told, was what our creoles call the "parasol." "The children were playing on the *banquette* next day," said my informant.

Montanet, even in the most unlucky part of his career, retained the superstitious reverence of colored people in all parts of the city. When he made his appearance even on the American side of Canal Street to doctor some sick person, there was always much subdued excitement among the colored folks, who whispered and stared a great deal, but were careful not to raise their voices when they said, "*Dar's Hoodoo John!*" That an unlettered African slave should have been able to achieve what Jean Bayou achieved in a civilized city, and to earn the wealth and the reputation that he enjoyed during many years of his life, might be cited as a singular evidence of modern popular credulity, but it is also proof that Jean was not an ordinary man in point of natural intelligence.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

A CHICAGO RAILROAD STATION.

It is not given to every American railroad station, whether big or little, to be beautiful. Very generally the big ones are satisfied to boast of their size, and the little ones do not seem to be particularly ashamed of their ugliness. To be four-square and to fill a traveller with a mild melancholy is vaguely felt to be the main function of an American railroad station, next to the function of being a cover. In the circumstances people may think it odd that the architect of the new railroad station in Chicago should have felt called upon to make it handsome, and may wonder that it is good to look at, being done.

Dearborn Station is built by four railroads (the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago, the Chicago and Alton, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy), for the purpose of conveniently transferring passengers and baggage. It is one of the largest railroad stations in the United States, covering very nearly if not quite as much ground as the Grand Central Depot in New York. The cost of the structure, without the ground, is $450,000, or thereabouts. The material of the outside is Philadelphia-faced brick and terra-cotta. The lower story of the pavilion and the tower, as well as the base all around, is stone.

The station has a frontage of 212 feet on Polk Street, and extends back on Third Avenue 446 feet and on Fourth Avenue 186 feet. This is the extent of the buildings for the accommodation of passengers. The railroad sheds cover the whole yard between the two wings, and extend back some 600 feet.

The most notable feature of the building which presents itself to the spectator is the great tower, nearly opposite Dearborn Street where that thoroughfare enters upon Polk Street. The tower is 165 feet high, and the treatment it has received is exceedingly picturesque and pleasing. The hood-like top is a novel and admirable feature.

To the left of the tower is the general waiting-room, 44 feet deep and 60 feet wide; and to the left of that, forming the corner of the building, there is a pavilion, the lower story of which is the lobby or principal entrance to the station. This lobby is entered by stone archways from both Polk Street and Third Avenue, and is 43 feet square in the clear, exclusive of the ticket office of 15 by 27, and an open porch 15 feet square, which gives access both to the ladies' waiting-room and to the interior platform.

Next on Third Avenue is the ladies' waiting-room, which, together with its appurtenances and offices, runs back on Third Avenue to a depth of nearly 70 feet, its width being 40 feet. Beyond this, extending on Third Avenue some 300 feet further, are the offices devoted to outgoing baggage, express-room, boiler-room, mail-room, and the private office of the baggage-master.

To the right of the tower, on Polk Street, there is another general waiting-room, 40 feet square, and the corner of Polk Street and Fourth Avenue, to a depth of 84 feet and a width of 25, is occupied by the dining-rooms, while the rest of the wing on Fourth Avenue is devoted to the incoming baggage.

The corner pavilion at Polk Street and Third Avenue and the corner wing at Polk Street and Fourth Avenue, to the extent of the dining-room, are carried up three stories high. The rest of the main building is two stories high. These upper stories afford the necessary accommodations for the offices directly connected with the station, and also for the offices of the union roads associated in using it.

The lobby of the station is lined entirely with brick inside, the columns, capitals, and bases of the arches being of stone. The floor is tiled. All the other floors on the first stories are laid with hard woods, and the ceilings are of wood.

The general design of Dearborn Station and the treatment of its detail are admirable. The ornaments in terra-cotta and the interior wood and iron work are well studied, and successfully express the material without abandoning picturesqueness. This is most pleasantly felt in the interiors of the lobby and in the ladies' waiting-room and dining-room. So far from chilling the wayfarer with the barn-like characteristics which are common to dining and waiting rooms, these apartments enfold the stranger warmly and hospitably, and the great terra-cotta fire-place looks upon him restfully and as a friend.

The architect, Mr. CYRUS L. W. EIDLITZ, of this city, is to be congratulated upon his work.

ALL-SAINTS AND ALL-SOULS.

ALL-SAINTS Day, November 1, is observed by the Roman Catholic, Protestant Episcopal, and Lutheran Churches as a festival in especial honor of all the angels and saints of heaven. It was instituted by Pope BONIFACE IV. early in the seventh century, though the Eastern Churches had celebrated it from the fourth century, and in the ninth century the feast became general. Popular parlance calls it All-hallows. The day following is All-souls, and is set apart by the Catholic Church for the commemoration of all the faithful departed. For these the mass of requiem is said or sung, and the office of the dead recited. But in all Catholic countries abroad, and by the Lutherans in Protestant Germany, it is made even more memorially beautiful by the visits of the people to the cemeteries to strew the graves and deck the tombs of departed friends with flowers.

In this country, in New Orleans especially, it is a generally celebrated festival, ranking with Mardi Gras as one of the great days of the year. The celebration begins with All-saints Day, and culminates on All-souls, when the entire population, Catholic and Protestant, visit the cemeteries, carrying flowers. It has been so from the foundation of the Crescent City, and without doubt the custom suggested the now national Decoration Day. Our artist has given a vivid picture of the scene in any one of the Crescent City cemeteries on this festal day. Of the more than thirty public cemeteries in New Orleans at least one-sixth are within the densely inhabited parts of the city, covering whole squares in the very centre of business and pleasure, traffic and travel. This is accounted for from the fact that burials beneath-ground in that region are impossible, since digging to the depth of two feet only would strike water in the swampy soil. So all the cemeteries are constructed, as our artist has represented, by building a wall to the height of eight feet or more, inclosing the selected space, while within, at a distance of seven feet or so, is erected another parallel wall honeycombed in squares, the intermediate space being laid out in narrow receptacles, or "ovens," as they commonly are called, each large enough to receive a coffin. The deposits thus made are hermetically bricked in, and the front is covered with a mural marble for the proper inscription. These constitute the comparatively cheaper tombs. The great ground inclosed by the double walls is laid out in lots interspersed by walks and avenues, and on the lots are the more costly chapels, mausoleums, tombs, and monuments which the wealthier people build. Some of the cemeteries beyond the city limits, notably the comparatively new one on the old Metarie race-course, are among the most beautiful in this country. They are profusely planted with the cypress, willow, and other trees, and are beautified by the magnolia and many flowering shrubs, the climatic conditions of the semi-tropical region giving a vast variety, some of them in perennial bloom.

The creole descendants of the original French and Spanish settlers have kept up and have made general, even among the more modern American citizens, all the old primitive funeral fashions. When a person dies, his or her death is not only published in the local journals, but notices of and invitations to the funeral are printed on mourning note-paper, and are sent to the friends and acquaintances of the deceased, and are publicly posted in and near the neighborhood where the defunct last lived. On the day of the burial, in addition to an extraordinary turn-out of mourning coaches, there always is a long following on foot of everybody who knew the deceased. And what will seem strange to a New-Yorker in the Crescent City, which is Catholic, but where, too, there is a general prevalence of the religion of good manners, the street cars will stop to permit one of these long processions to pass across the street track. In a city, too, where all sorts of associations, civil, military, religious, and charitable, are so common, almost everybody, as the phrase goes there, is "buried with a brass band," and on the return from funerals the streets are enlivened with cheerful music.

For more than a month past, the windows of the New Orleans florists have conspicuously displayed the legend, "Orders received for All-souls Day." As the day approaches, there comes what may be called a "corner" in flowers. But generally in the Crescent City out-door garden growths, which at the North are hot-house exotics, are amazingly abundant and astonishingly cheap. Twenty-five cents will buy a bouquet which would readily bring a dollar or more in New York. And buyers will be as abundant as the flowers on All-saints Day. On the day following, the cemeteries will be thronged from sunrise to sunset by citizens of all conditions and colors, supplemented by the many strangers now fast filling New Orleans for the winter, or drawn thither by the Exposition announced to open November 10.

THE DELAWARE AT TWILIGHT.

THE view of an evening scene on the Delaware River at Philadelphia, published in this issue, is strongly suggestive of a bit of our own East River in the vicinity of Fulton Ferry. The artist has caught the familiar twilight aspect of the busy stream. The light from the western sky, where the sun has just sunk out of sight, is reflected brightly on the smooth waters of the river, and the long deep shadows of the shipping are boldly mirrored on the shimmering surface. The careful treatment of the shore details of the picture leaves no doubt as to the artist's point of view. It is a scene at the foot of Market Street, Philadelphia, looking north, and Philadelphians will recognize the outlines of the old Ridgeway House on the corner. The Delaware at this point is about the same width as the East River, and except that it is rarely so crowded with vessels as the latter stream, greatly resembles it.

THE LEGEND OF THE LAKE.

FAR, far away, 'neath the grassy slope
Of a mountain over the sea,
A fair blue lake lies ever at rest,
And the sunbeams merrily
Come down by day to shimmer and bathe
In its ripples clear and bright,
Where the wonderful stars are multiplied
Through the peace of the summer's night.

'Tis a strange, sad tale that the boatman tells,
As he rests on his idle oars,
A legend sweet of the lake so blue,
To the stranger on its shores.
It was many and many a year ago,
In a summer-time bright and sweet,
When a beautiful village nestled low
At the stanch old mountain's feet.

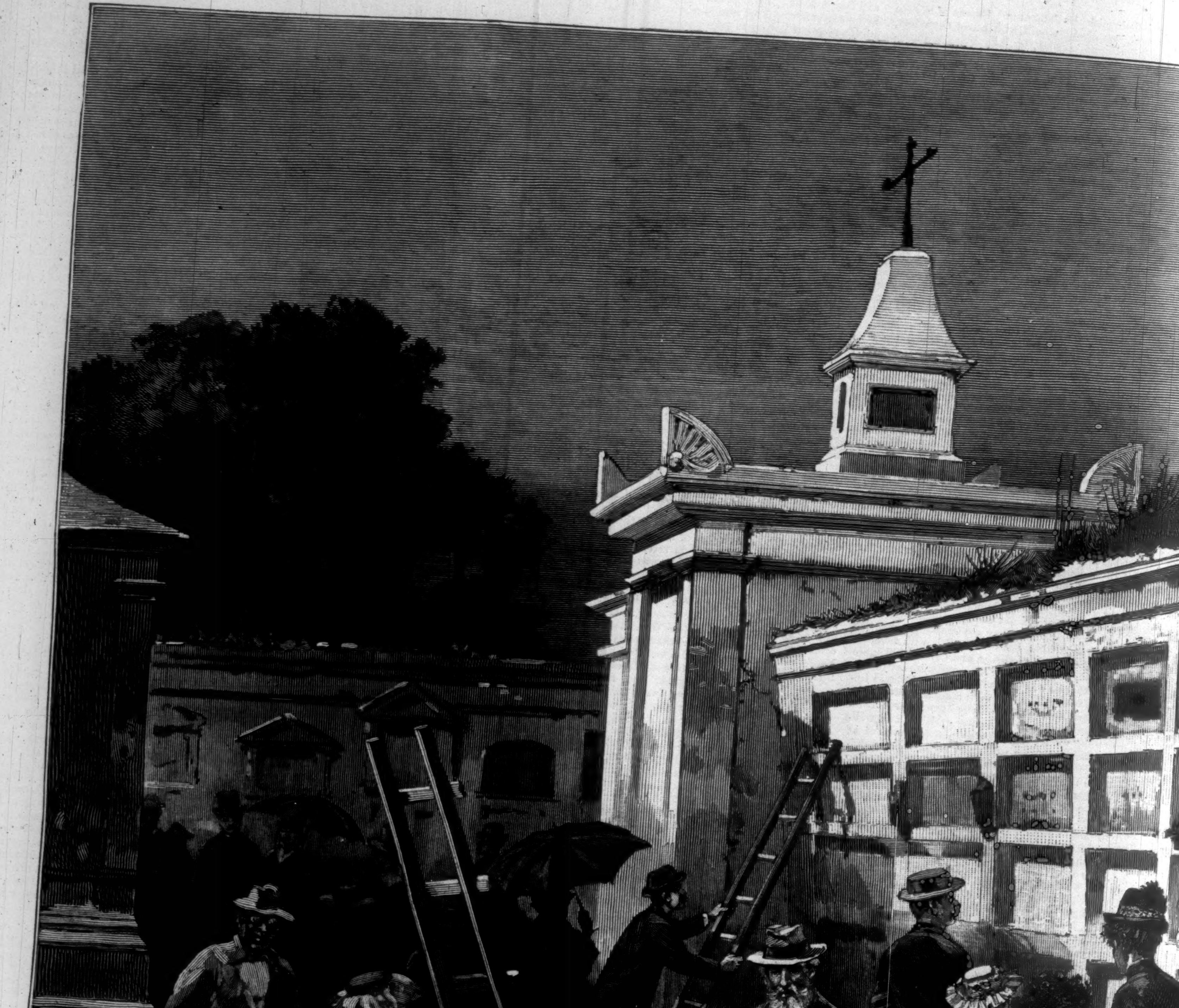
But a fierce, wild spirit it was that ruled
And dwelt on the mountain-side,
And never a man had dared to probe
The heart of its cavern wide.
Alas, for the day when they angered him!
Alas, for the people then!
Full well they dreaded the wrath to come,
Though they knew not how or when.

There dawned a beautiful summer morn,
A golden Sabbath day,
When quietly on to the little church
The villagers took their way,
While the bells in the spire softly rang
Till their sweetness filled the air,
And out through the lowly vestibule
Came the pastor's voice in prayer.

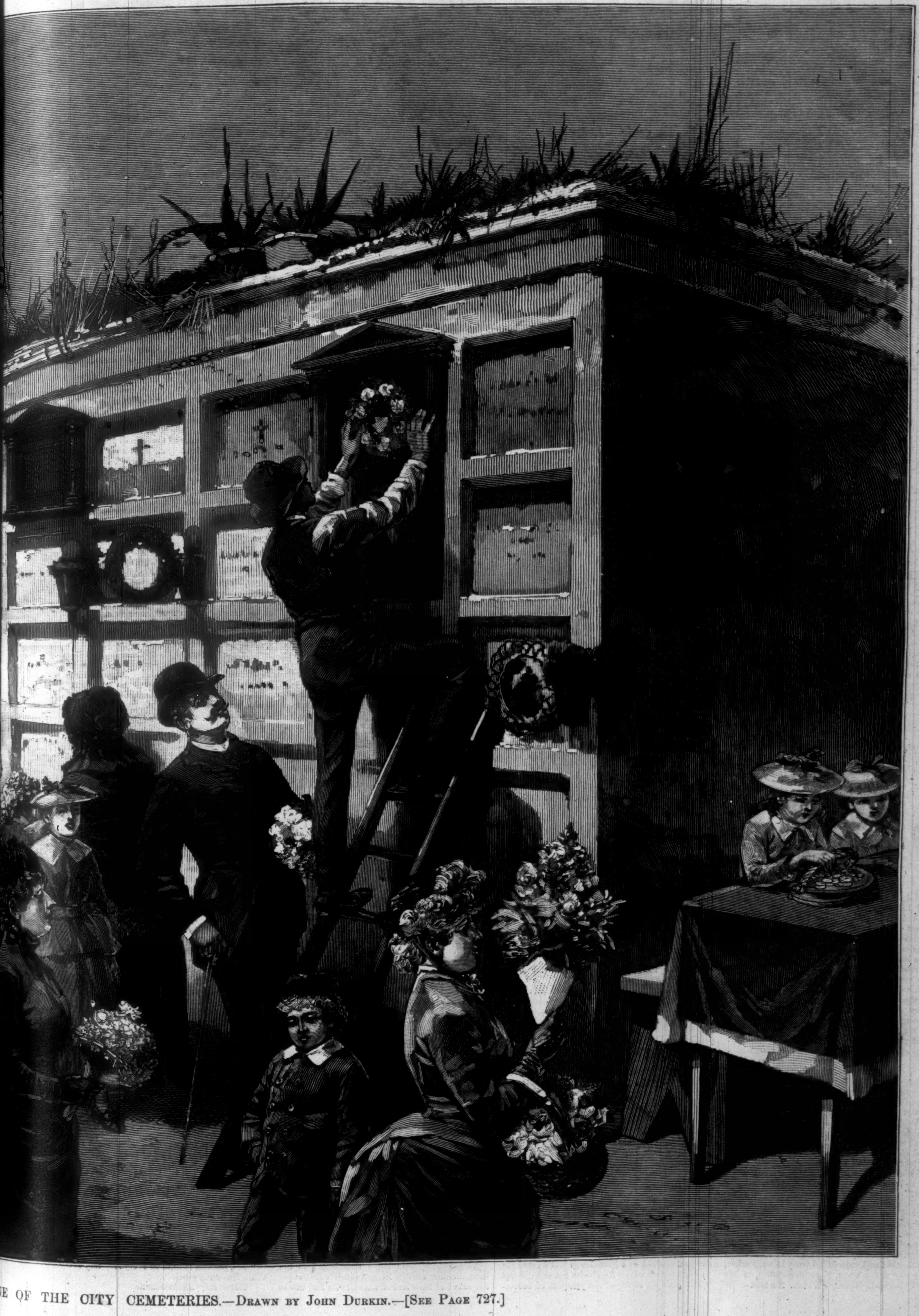
Then suddenly fell from the mountain-top
A flood of waters as blue
As the summer sky; and the sunlight shone
On the waters, which grew and grew
Till never a trace of the village lay
'Neath the fleecy clouds above,
And only a fair still lake, at rest
Where once were life and love.

And, says the legend, whenever there dawns
The sun of a Sabbath day,
One hears the peal of the church bells soft,
And the murmur of those who pray,
In the village lying beneath the lake
Of that mountain over the sea,
Where the sunbeams bathe, and the stars at night
Are lying so restfully.

MARY D. BRINE.



ALL-SAINTS DAY IN NEW ORLEANS—DECORATING THE TOMBS IN



NE OF THE CITY CEMETERIES.—Drawn by John Durkin.—[See Page 727.]

HALF-WAY.*

AN ANGLO-FRENCH ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XX.

THE END OF ANOTHER IDYL.

OUR French neighbors are perfectly right. Only those in robust health should betake themselves to watering-places, and pious souls should never go on a pilgrimage. The gist of a health resort lies in a sound condition of body, as the gist of a shrine in the fact of being able to smile at the miracle. Thus it comes about that in nine cases out of ten "drinking the waters" only means a pleasant holiday in the country, whilst "going on a pilgrimage" means nothing more nor less than a cheap tourist's ticket to Mount St. Michel. Remote from the railway and offering no attractions in the shape of theatre, baccarat table, or concert-room, this Burgundian spa has only attained local celebrity, whilst its natural charms are such as to appeal to the few rather than the many. Hither in the long vacation came half a dozen families from the dusty capital in search of coolness and hay-scented air, a stray angler or two for the sake of the trout fishing, an avowed gastronomer in order to taste the trout when cooked, and perhaps, though rarely, a genuine invalid to undergo a course of hydropathic treatment. The proprietor was one of those fortunate persons possessed of what Mrs. Brindle would call a whimsey; he had purchased these beautiful abbatial grounds and built brand-new premises on to the walls of the ancient abbey in the firm conviction that some day or other the little spa would make not only his name, but his fortune. Neither renown nor wealth had come yet, but after upward of forty years the hydropathic establishment existed, and its owner's faith remained steadfast as ever. He should wake up one morning and find himself the creator of a second Vichy in Bourgogne! Meantime faith and rigid economy during eight months of the year, and a handful of clients from June to September, had sufficed to keep things going. Yet another class of visitors must be named. Adjoining the establishment, which, indeed, consisted of the ancient monastic buildings, stands one of the most beautiful abbey churches of France; in such close juxtaposition are the two that at close of day a dreamer might fancy the olden time come back again, and the abbey flourishing as in the Middle Ages. Many an archæologist, and not unfrequently an artist, would come to study this exquisite fragment of Gothic architecture in its prime—for it can hardly be called more—time, decay, and restoration having destroyed the rest. In the dusk of twilight, however, a delusion was possible. The grand silhouette of the ancient pile rose intact and majestic against the pale heavens; no shreds and patches of clumsy restorers then harassed the eye as it lingered on the harmonious picture. A fairer it were hard to find—solid gray masonry subdued to tenderest tints, arch and flying-buttress and pinnacle taking a hue hardly deeper than the clear yet silvery sky; for one especial charm of this sweet place was the purity and transparence of the atmosphere. Twilight at certain seasons of the year was often of indescribable loveliness. Every object would remain definite and luminous, though without the definiteness and luminosity of day. The landscape seemed cut out of mother-of-pearl. So at least thought Millison Methold, when, next day after sunset, he visited the church and cloisters alone. Those first twenty-four hours had been spent for the most part in his own room, having only interchanged a word or two with Camma; so much of quiet was pronounced to be necessary. Now, however, that he felt quite well, he said he must run about as he pleased.

Like Camma, he was comparatively untrammelled, and such surroundings filled him with new, strange pleasure and emotion. The peace, naturalness, and beauty of the abbey gardens, the delicate tracery of the Gothic cloisters, the sublime proportions and lights and shadows of the church—all these impressions opened his mind to yet deeper and deeper feelings still. He lingered before a side altar for a few minutes, breathed a vague, almost unconscious prayer, then, without waiting to see more, passed out into the ambulatory. No archæological or introspective fit was on the young man just then. He was not in the humor to examine the marvellously beautiful rood-loft art lovers made long journeys hither to see, still less did he feel inclined to look into his own mind and ask himself how it fared with those new convictions and recently acquired articles of faith in which a month or two back he thought he had found spiritual harborage.

What he needed at this crisis of his life history was affection and sympathy—such guileless, deep-seated affection as Camma could give, such subtle, many-sided sympathy as he felt sure of obtaining from her French friend. He revelled in the thought that for three weeks at least he might give himself up to the satisfaction of being listened to, and of pouring out his heart to these two women as perhaps he had never yet done to any living soul. In the midst of these musings a slender, white-robed figure appeared at the other end of the cloisters, and a clear, joyous voice called his name.

"Dear Millison," Camma said, hastening toward him. "How delightful to have you here! And to be here too! Was there ever a sweeter place?"

Millison put his arm in hers, and the pair slowly paced up and down the silent cloisters, ready for closest confidence. Often and often had they thus confabulated in the old days when Millison had made youthful love, and Camma shy girlish protest, and now and then, in spite of their clinging affection and unbounded trust in each other, there was not a trace of sentimentality on her part or his own. Artless that maidenly love as the wild flower she wore on her bosom, pure and free from passion that boyish adoration as the kiss he had given her in pinafore days. "Ah!" the young man said, fondly and reproachfully, "you are already in love with France! You will marry a Frenchman, as Ann predicts."

Camma blushed red as a rose. "Could any one help falling in love with France?" she said, gayly; "and if I ever do marry a Frenchman, it will be for a good reason, you may depend upon that. But let us talk of yourself. You are well again, you are happy?"

"Do I look ill or unhappy at this moment?" asked Millison, not without a touch of self-rebuke. "Yet," he added, introspectively, "unhappiness in itself does so much harm to others, sometimes I think the only way to be really good is to be happy—just that and nothing more."

"You are thinking of poor Uncle Francis," she said, softly.

"Not only of my father," he replied—"of every one else who cares for me. What right, for instance, had I to treat you as I have done? You are a high-spirited girl. You valued my love, so called, for what it was worth. That does not alter my conduct in my own eyes now."

"Dear Millison," the girl said, between laughing and crying, "I honored you for giving me up—I did indeed. It seemed to me a noble thing to do, to sacrifice happiness for conscience' sake. I set about at once asking myself what I could do by way of imitation."

Millison smiled somewhat ironically. "Nay, for Heaven's sake, find a better model. Do not you go and make a nun of yourself because I resolve to enter the priesthood. But, Camma, I begin to ask myself now if I should ever have taken up a new religion and a new morality had my father understood me in the least and treated me differently. I can say this to you, and some day you can repeat it to him."

Camma listened with growing amazement. Where was the fiery enthusiasm, the exalted self-abnegation, the reckless trampling under foot of self and inclination of a few months ago? Then Millison had spoken as one who had indeed heard inner promptings to a loftier destiny, voices fatiloquent summoning to the last renunciation. Then she glowed, listening to him, feeling that here at least was one spirit emancipated from the world, one soul annealed whilst yet in its clayey envelope, one monitorial utterance more to remind the world of God and godlike things. And because he was giving her up for something she believed to be higher, worthier, more ideal than fireside affection and domestic life of the nobler kind, she had gloried in her very sorrow, had welcomed the pang of a parting that seemed final. She had, as she said to him, longed to emulate his single-minded ardor, his high ambition to toil in the world yet not be of the world, enroll herself in the august brotherhood, sisterhood of the spiritual-minded and the angelic!

That inspiriting ardor and communicable glow had vanished, and now he spoke coldly and calmly of himself and his aspirations, rather, indeed, as if they were mere habiliments to be donned and discarded at will than immortal longings and promptings that come and go unbidden, or mental habits artificially acquired and left off. The shock to Camma's mind was great indeed, for as she listened it seemed to her that it was hardly worth while breaking his father's heart and alienating himself from his childhood's friends for convictions so lukewarm as these.

"I used the words 'a new religion, a new morality,' just now," he went on, "and the last may appear strange to you. But it is so indeed. Some day you will understand my words. The morality of a celibate priest can not be the morality of a layman. This is only by the way. What I want you to understand is this. My father, Aubrey, and the others never understood me in the least. They all wanted to make a model curate of me. My conversion—perversion perhaps you may call it—was, oddly enough as it sounds, first of all a revolt against authority."

All her sympathies were with him here. Was not her own conduct a revolt against authority also? Those who stood nearest to her, the Dean and other relatives, did they not want to force her inclinations, not only in the matter of marriage, but in the conduct of life generally? But for the dread of such influence should she have dreamed of the sojourn in Alsace, the novitiate of a Protestant sisterhood? Her story formed a counterpart to his.

"I want you to understand something else," he said, with tenderness, yet not the tenderness of passion. "I am sure of this now, Camma dear: you and I have always been like brother and sister. We never loved each other as two people should who intend to marry."

Again he touched a sympathetic chord. How had it come about that in so short a space of time Millison was grown so wise? Not for worlds could she herself have shaped the thought into expression; but it was there. Dear as Millison would ever be, she had begun to realize vaguely that her feeling for her old playmate approached not love. She seemed growing overwise too.

"We were never in love with each other," the young man went on; "otherwise two things must have happened: I could not have given you up; you would have tried to shake my purpose."

He stopped short, and looked at his sweet girl confidante inquisitorially, much as if he were qualified to give counsel by decades of added experience. Then as naturally, as free from sentiment, as when he used to pour some trouble into her ears in childish days, he added, half playfully, half in a tone of deepest meaning: "Love is jealous, you know; I could never have borne to see you admired by a Frenchman had I cared for you in another way. And"—he got out the last words with an effort—"the prospect of becoming a priest would have seemed dreadful. I should have turned back."

Camma glanced at him with almost painful eagerness. What confidences was she to hearken to next? But he lapsed into silence. It was evidently delightful to have her there; above all, that she would be there on the morrow. For the present he could wait.

Long, with arms enlaced, that youthful pair paced the dim cloisters, the graceful girl, the manly stripling, both drinking in a loveliness they would surely never forget. For as the rosy twilight faded, the mystery and shadowiness vanished, an argent moon rose above the wooded hill-tops far away, the delicate tracery of arch and spire was pencilled in clear outlines against the bright heavens, and the marble floor of the cloisters was flooded with silvery light. In this swift and beautiful transition from dreamy vagueness and indefiniteness to brilliant light and deep shadows, from shapeless though lovely things to a world of metallic lustre and solidity, might be found an analogy to human life in its opening stage. Thus endeavor becomes deed, romance is changed into passion, and the poetic sorrows of youth become merged in the stern conflicts of maturity.

CHAPTER XXI.

LIFE IDYLLIC.

WHEN Camma Joye startled the faithful Brindle by the declaration that she intended to marry a Frenchman, she did not add particulars as to any especial Frenchman she intended to marry. The rest was left to Ann's imagination. Truth to tell, since the walk in the vineyards Camma and her new friend Eugène had hardly interchanged a word. With the capriciousness of half-declared lovers they seemed of set purpose to hold aloof from each other. Yet it was easy to see, above all for Camma to see, that the gallant soldier only awaited a sign from her to speak out, whilst in her own warm, impulsive heart had sprung up an intense desire to make him happy. That is how she put the matter to herself. She wanted to enable him to carry out his dearest wishes, above all, to rescue him from further love-makings to unsympathetic heiresses.

So a little plot had gradually developed itself in her mind, which was nothing more nor less than to marry Eugène. If she could do nothing better with her life, she could at least make one generous, honest, affectionate nature happy. Her schemes for the present remained discreetly locked within her own bosom. Ann Brindle was bidden to secrecy as to those indefinite confidences of a few days before, whilst whenever Jeannie talked confidentially of her brother she observed maidenly silence. To the unsuspecting Millison she had merely said, soon after his arrival at La Fleurie—such was the enchantingly poetic name of their woodland retreat: "Millison dear"—it seemed so easy to treat Millison exactly as a brother after that confabulation in the cloisters—"Millison dear, there is one thing I want to mention to you. Let all these dear people love us for ourselves. Don't lead any one to suppose I have more money than most clergymen's daughters."

Millison laughed ironically. "Had ever any clergyman's daughter a hundred pounds to call her own? I never heard of one. But I forgot that you came into some money quite lately through some non-clerical godparents of yours. How much did the dear creatures leave you?"

"We will talk about it some other time," Camma said, blushing to her ears.

Again Millison laughed, a laugh oddly sarcastic, even cynical, in one so young. "I wish we had talked about it before. It might have made all the difference in the world to me. I should like to have had the spending of your money. Well, a Frenchman won't spend it for you; that is one comfort; but he may make you mercenary, which would be as bad."

"Millison," she said, quite seriously, "I put much more faith in your opinion than in Aubrey's; I feel somehow that whatever strange things you do, you know better than he does what really goes on in the human heart. Now tell me. In spite of your jesting manner, you like, you trust French people, do you not?"

"Like them?" Millison cried—he was ever fond of speaking in riddles. "I like them too well, Camma. That is the beginning and the end of the matter."

"Liking—is that trust?" asked Camma, always feeling that she got more meaning out of Millison's utterances than at first seemed apparent.

"Well, it is when you speak of human beings with souls, I suppose. We don't like liars, hypocrites, and murderers, do we? They may like each other; that is not our affair."

"How is it, I often wonder," Camma asked, after a pause, "that although you are about my own age, you seem to know so much more of the world, so much more of good and evil, than I do?"

Millison's pale face flushed, and his answer did not come all at once. "We will talk about that another time," he said, repeating her own words.

And now began that rememberable idyllic life at La Fleurie. Millison's recovered health, Camma's happy projects, the airy humor of their companions—for let us not call French geniality by anything so oppressive as high spirits—the beauty of the place, made up an experience to be remembered indeed, and a fitting pastoral before the serious business of life should be begun. Fortunately for the quartette, they had the place almost entirely to themselves. The grandmother delayed her coming, several detachments of guests had just gone, others who were due did not appear, so that, as the enchanted days glided by, these privileged souls seemed to be living in a little canton of their own.

Ann Brindle could listen unmolested to the hens cackling all day long, Anatole could enjoy the sound of bells and summonses he had not to answer, whilst for the others remained the more romantic music of beck and cascade, and the ever-varying scenery of Alp and woodland.

How happy they were!—good heavens! how happy they were! Betimes all were up and stirring, and however strong may be the popular prejudice to the contrary, the early morning hours in a perfect place is the auspicious moment of all others for making love.

Virginally fresh as the dewy earth, then throbs even the much-tried heart; the matins and lauds of the birds attune to the artless utterances of dawning passion; the fragrance wafted from wayside rose and joyously trodden thyme incites to pure yet mystic thoughts.

It was a perfectly lazy time, and intended to be so. The utmost attempt in the way of serious occupation was a romance of the great Sand's or an idyl of Lamartine's, which Jeannie would read aloud for the benefit of the rest. French women—Heaven bless them for it!—have not that irritating habit of a pretense at unflagging diligence with needle or knitting-pin. They are not more ashamed than their companions of the other sex to sit abroad, or, for the matter of that, at home, unoccupied—one of the results, as we take it, of the great Revolution. Instead of spoiling the beauty of hedge-rows and flowery banks with a display of crewel-work and other sham feminine industries, Jeannie and Camma kept their hands free and their baskets empty for the Alpine flowers of these Burgundian highlands. Jeannie, too, an accomplished housewife, was ever on the lookout for contributions to the breakfast table. The party would come home laden with cresses from the brook, wood strawberries, the luscious fruit of the service-tree, and many a sweet agaric none knew better how to prepare than herself.

These were morning rambles, but in the afternoon they would go farther afield, sometimes calling into requisition a rustic donkey chaise. This just enabled them to reach the border of their little Burgundian Switzerland, and from the summit of some rocky height survey the plain they had lately traversed, the towers and spires of the distant city, the dreamy outline of its golden hills, and, on days of rare transparence, the silvery crest of Mont Blanc itself. More delicious, however, to all four were the seclusion and pastoralness nearer home, the cascade making vocal ferny glen, the spring gurgling as it issued from mossy cleft, the cool green meadow path by meandering stream, the little isolated pine woods perched high above the warm sun-lit valley.

Enchanting as it is, however, to discover a sweet place for one's self, the discovery of a character that interests us deeply is still more so. These four, Camma and Eugène, Jeannie and Millison, were pioneers here as much as in the matter of water-falls, dells, and mountain paths. Not a day, not an hour, but they were revealing themselves to each other under some new and delightful aspect. If now and then any vague consciousness of possible disturbance ruffled this quiet idyllic life, it was charmed away.

"My English friend," said Jeannie to Millison at the end of a week, "I may now open my heart to you, may I not? Whatever I say, you will not at least accuse me of want of interest in Camma?"

Millison's handsome face crimsoned as he made frank, unhesitating reply. Affectionate as was Jeannie's manner, perhaps even a little sentimental, or at least demonstrative, he was too shy to imitate it. He could not begin his own speech with the same charming preamble. He must be brusque, boyish, outspoken, as if he were speaking to Camma herself.

"I know well enough what you would wish to say to me about Camma," he said. "You would like her to marry your brother."

Jeannie glanced at him with a look of sweet, sisterly insinuation, and for a moment a small, delicately gloved hand rested on the young man's arm.

"You understand me?" she went on, still studying his face. "Of course I know that Camma has long been only a sister to you, and that her marriage could make no difference to your future life. But I fancy I have discovered something for myself also, something that emboldens me to speak out."

Millison again anticipated her. "We have found out the same thing for ourselves," he replied, with a nervous little laugh. It seemed so difficult to talk of these things to Jeannie. "Camma and I were very fond of each other, like brother and sister, in fact, that is all."

"Then," Jeannie said, eagerly, "it could not distress you—you would not think ill of Camma—if she decided to marry our Eugène?"

An odd expression passed over Millison's countenance. There were moments when the young man seemed to be stung, scourged by some secret, never-to-be-divulged thought. "Camma might think ill of me, perhaps—if she considered it worth her while. I could never think ill of her. I am half French myself. I like French people. I would much rather she married Captain Eugène than any of the men who want her at home."

Jeannie seemed to ponder. "She is much admired, much sought after, by your sex in England?" she asked.

"For a very good reason, too," Millison rejoined, again giving evidence of discrimination and knowledge of human nature rare in one so young. "Camma never looks at the glass as soon as ever a man enters the room. She no more troubles her head about men than if the species had died out during the carboniferous period. That is the kind of girl a man wants to marry."

"And she is beautiful," Jeannie said.

"She is as pretty as most," was the blunt rejoinder.

"And sweet," said the French woman.

"Yes, Camma is kind to everybody and everything," was the reply.

"Clever too," added Jeannie.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1499.

"She has her wits about her, certainly," again Millison made answer, in the most matter-of-fact manner.

Once more Jeannie seemed to ponder. It was evident she wanted to say something more; that something seemed hard to put into words. At last, with an irresistible look of confidingness and appeal, she asked, "We are such good friends now, you and I, we may surely speak out on any subject without fear of misunderstanding each other. Dear friend, there is yet one question more to consider. A French officer dare not marry—our laws do not permit it—unless the wife brings him a modest portion. I can not speak to Camma on these points, but you will set my mind at rest. Richly as she is dowered by nature, fortune has not been niggardly? She has at least something to call her own?"

Millison looked into Jeannie's sweet grave face with a smile she did not in the least understand. But his brief reply re-assured her as to her question. "Yes," he said, "I am quite sure of one thing: Camma has as much money as the French law exacts of an officer's wife, namely, a thousand pounds. I know all about it, for a French woman once told me at a *table d'hôte*."

Jeannie looked greatly relieved. Then she sighed. "Dear Eugène! I always wanted him to make a rich marriage. But how much better to wed according to your English fashion—for love!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN.

THE death of General GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, which occurred at Orange Mountain on the morning of October 29, freshly brings to mind the controlling influence of the civil war in determining the verdict of success or failure for the careers of all who played a prominent part in it. A candidate for President against ABRAHAM LINCOLN in 1864, the constructor of the Stevens Battery and of the Poughkeepsie Railroad Bridge, the Chief Engineer of the Dock Department in New York city, and in 1877 the Governor of New Jersey, yet he is now thought of by his countrymen as McCLELLAN the soldier, and as such will go into history.

In this career as a soldier promises exceptionally brilliant were marred by the play of adverse circumstance and infelicities of method and temperament. Born December 3, 1826, at Philadelphia, the son of a distinguished physician, he graduated at West Point in 1846, second in a class of fifty-nine. The Mexican war offered active service at once, and brevets for gallantry at Contreras, Churubusco, and Chapultepec attested his soldierly conduct. Routine service as a Lieutenant of Engineers was followed by his promotion to be Captain of Cavalry in 1855, and being sent to observe the war in the Crimea, he made a report that gained him distinction. Resigning in 1857, he became successively Chief Engineer and Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad, and President of the St. Louis and Cincinnati. Exactly one month after the fall of Sumter he was a Major-General in the regular army, three weeks earlier Major-General of Ohio Volunteers. Then in the first campaign of the war he achieved, as the vote of thanks of Congress phrased it, a "series of brilliant and decisive victories on the battle-fields of western Virginia." The disaster at Bull Run called him to Washington, where he organized the Army of the Potomac, and on November 1, 1861, before completing his thirty-fifth year, he was General-in-chief of the Armies of the United States.

Fortune and desert had thus far been his constant aids. Had he remained General-in-chief only in the way that HALLECK afterward was, it might have been better for his fame and the Union arms. His remarkable skill as an organizer would still have had full scope, and no less his facility for looking at campaigns broadly, and selecting the best lines of operations, his agreeable manners, his faithful support of subordinate officers, and his uniform thoughtfulness for the troops. But as a successful fighting general he was expected to conduct in person the Richmond campaign, and desired to do so. Then his limitations were disclosed. Both in his Peninsula and Maryland campaigns he displayed much address in manœuvre, fought hard, careful, and often successful battles where he was forced to fight, and always inflicted severe loss on his adversaries. But he also manifested extraordinary reluctance to begin operations until the last man and last gun were ready, and a force so overwhelming secured that he could checkmate his adversary in a predicted number of moves. That disposition first unsettled and at last destroyed the confidence of the government in him.

It can hardly now be questioned that McCLELLAN delayed too long to attack at Manassas, where JOHNSTON at one time had only 50,000 men against McCLELLAN's 150,000. Yet the subsequent conception of transferring the great army to the Peninsula was as bold as its execution was masterly. Then, however, occurred the long delay before Yorktown. Without reverting to the vexed question of the grave interference in his plans by the retention near Washington of McDOWELL's corps, which had been promised him, we must admit the injudicious delays after the battle of Fair Oaks. Nevertheless, when LEE assumed the offensive, and McCLELLAN, after the resulting Seven Days' battles, had changed his base to the James, the safety of Richmond was compromised more than ever before, and the Confederates had suffered most in the fighting. By that time, however, the reserve of confidence in McCLELLAN at Washington had been too heavily drawn upon.

The resort to McCLELLAN for repelling LEE's invasion of Maryland, after POPE's failure, showed the real reliance of the government on him in stress, and the retreat of LEE, after the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, proved the wisdom of that reliance; but the old dread of dilatoriness, coupled with a feeling that McCLELLAN aspired to control the political as well as the military outcome of the war—a feeling justified by an extraordinary letter of his to the President—proved fatal to him; and on his failure to promptly follow up the success gained at Antietam he was relieved from command, just as he was about to undertake new operations.

The mingling of great services with great shortcomings in this career is obvious now, but events for a long time obscured the question of responsibility. It is now plain that General McCLELLAN's lack of the highest success was due primarily to his undue propensity for guarding against all possible risks of failure before voluntarily undertaking any aggressive action. This led to an unreasonable demand for overwhelming resources before being willing to enter even upon the first stages of a campaign, and a corresponding delay to act promptly after victory. A most untrustworthy system of scouting and spies aggravated his natural tendency to overestimate the enemy's force. He had some cause to complain of the government's lack of good faith, but on his part petulantly threw upon it the blame of disasters, and worried it by predictions of failure unless his extreme demands should be met. The very comprehensiveness of his mind led him to combine the political with the military problem before him, and unwise friends encouraged this tendency by pointing out the Presidency as the glittering reward of overthrowing the rebellion in the field. But no praise can be too great for his splendid services in organizing the Army of the Potomac and placing it in the field, and the memory of the enthusiasm and devotion with which he inspired his troops comes up anew amid the universal tribute evoked by his death to the purity of his character as a Christian gentleman.

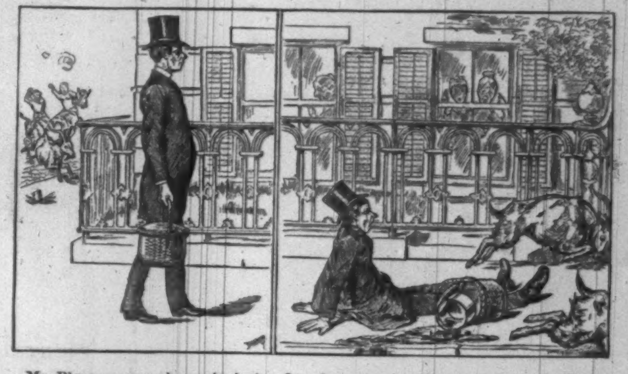
NATURAL GAS AT PITTSBURGH.

IN the story of the discovery and utilization of natural gas at Pittsburgh no element of an Arabian Night romance, except untruthfulness, is lacking. Here are facts that put to shame the Arabic fancy. It has given daylight to a city that had not for years seen the sky. It has given cleanliness to streets and houses that had always worn coats of coal-dust as their best attire. The worker in iron is as cleanly as the worker in silver. The coal-dealer is no longer a necessary evil. The grate is obsolescent, and coal dust a forgotten annoyance. Cheap, odorless, and smokeless open fires have eliminated furnaces and stoves, coal-scuttles and ash-barrels, from human troubles, and brighter colors have taken the place of the sombre shades of houses and of clothing. The beautiful scenery about the city has been restored to view, and Pittsburgh has more than its share of light and of relief from dust. If it have not henceforth corresponding cleanliness and sweetness, nature surely can not be blamed. Any one who was familiar with the appearance of the smoke-covered city a few years ago would not know where he was if he were put down there now on a clear day. Not only is the atmosphere clear, but a peculiar blueness is caused by the flames, which burn in daytime as well as at night. A sight that can be seen in no other city in the world is what a stranger might mistake for flag-poles, from the tops of which these blue sheets of flame float, which at night give the city an appearance at a distance of a city on fire, except that they produce no smoke.

The re-introduction of daylight, the reclaiming of scenery, and a revolution in household economy are but the lighter phases of the great change that has been wrought at Pittsburgh by natural gas. Not less than half a million dollars are saved annually in the cost of fuel, besides a corresponding saving in the cost of light. Manufacturing has entered a new era of prosperity. Many enterprises that were suffering from depression are now running with profit, many that were suspended have been resumed, and many new enterprises have been undertaken. The gas has now almost entirely superseded coal as fuel in the manufacturing establishments. One natural-gas company alone supplies nine hundred residences, sixty-six glass factories, thirty-four rolling-mills, and fifty other manufactories. There is a saving in labor as well as in fuel. Boilers that required as many as a hundred firemen and coal-heavers now need the services of only one man. The very architecture of boiler-houses and of mills has suffered changes that give greater convenience and make neatness possible, and the danger of fire has been very greatly lessened.

The greatest supply of natural gas is at Murraysville, a village about twenty miles from Pittsburgh. Borers for oil struck gas there nine years ago, but it shot up in the air and went to waste for three years. Then pipes were laid to convey it to Pittsburgh, and the utilization of the discovery was begun. The sleepy village has now become a rich community by the sale of its costless but valuable product. Land that was almost valueless now sells for fabulous prices when gas wells are bored into it. The history of this village has an episode that entitles it to a place in the history of the mining towns in the West and the oil fields in Pennsylvania, for disputes about the ownership of gas wells have caused riots and bloodshed. The other important reservoir of natural gas is the valley in which the town of Tarentum is situated, twenty miles from Pittsburgh. It has not only been densely settled, but has become a great manufacturing centre. It is in this valley that the grandest spectacle is presented at night. The miles of smokeless flames present an appearance more like a fairy-land than like a manufacturing settlement.

Within the city of Pittsburgh a well was bored last year that gave a great flow of gas. It was thought that a reservoir extended beneath the whole residence portion of the city, and much money was spent in boring wells. But the supply was soon so nearly exhausted that little now comes from this source, and the hopes of its discoverers have not been realized. The quick exhaustion of this supply has caused much anxious speculation about the possible exhaustion of the other gas fields; but the opinion of experts is that the reservoirs at Murraysville and at Tarentum are practically inexhaustible. There are gas wells in the oil regions that have been flowing for twenty-five years with as strong a volume as when first opened. In Butler County there is one well that for a dozen years has sent up to waste an amount of fuel equal to 1200 tons of coal a day.



Mr. Blossom was always looked upon by his neighbors as a model man, and could be seen several times daily going to market with his basket, but—

One day some heedless goats ran him down, and disclosed in the basket a pail containing a brown liquid smelling strongly of hops and malt. Mr. B. said some malicious person must have placed it there without his knowledge. He is no longer seen going to the market—at least, not down our street.

It has been proposed to lay pipes to conduct natural gas to Philadelphia and New York. Whether such a scheme be impracticable, or be another of those revolutionary projects which have seemed impossible until they were accomplished, remains to be seen. If the gas be used only in and about Pittsburgh, it will still be ranked among the most wonderful and important discoveries of the century. It is annually adding millions of dollars to the manufacturing wealth of Pennsylvania, and it has caused important improvements to be made in the manufacture of several articles. The glass-makers, for instance, no longer suffer the damage to their finer work that, in spite of the utmost precautions, was done by coal dust.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

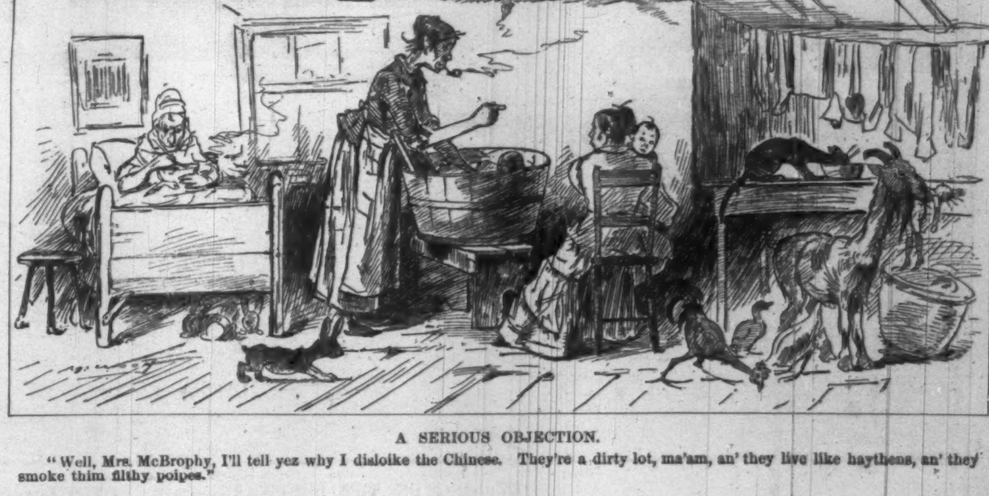
REPORT tells of an American lady of great wealth who recently gave in London what the notes of invitation called a rose dinner. The table, it is said, "was laid two feet deep with roses, spaces being reserved for the plates." One has to stop and think to get an idea of the astonishing discomfort which must attend the eating of a dinner like this. It would be seeking food where truth is said to lie—at the bottom of a well. The guests must have used little buckets to draw their soup up with, knives made on the principle of a chisel, and forks elongated beyond anything that has been known in forks before. The whole business of eating must have been attended with the eager and yet suppressed emotions of hope, doubt, triumph, and despair which are so noticeable and interesting in a person engaged with a grab-bag at a fair. If spaces were reserved for "individual" salt-cellars— But probably they were not. An individual salt-cellar set at the bottom of a shaft sunk through two feet of roses would be odd, but it would imply a somewhat tiresome attention to detail, and very likely would be overlooked.

"It is well known," says a French paper, according to a translation found in *The Builder and Wood-worker*, "that the Americans are a very practical people even in their religion. One of them has just invented a burglar-proof safe which, when tampered with, suddenly extends a powerful pair of tongs or grippers, which seize the malefactor and hold him in a firm embrace. There is nothing extraordinarily new in all this, but there is something further. Nearly always safes that are likely to be visited by burglars are in buildings unoccupied during the night, and it is only the next morning that the captured robber is carefully released from the trap to be duly imprisoned. This is, of course, time lost, which the religious inventor desires to utilize. He has therefore had prepared by an eloquent preacher a very long and remarkably forcible sermon, in which the rights of property, the disgrace of stealing, and the dangers attending on it both in this world and the next are set forth in the most touching language. This sermon, stored in a phonograph, is set off at the same moment that the pincers operate, and the homily is rolled out in the ears of the 'patient.' The monotonous nasal tone peculiar to the phonograph renders the illusion perfect; the unfortunate robber believes he hears the voice of the preacher himself, and in the morning when the police arrive they find him thoroughly subdued and repentant."

To "burn like paper" is one of the most familiar and universal of similes, but there has just been built in Breslau, Germany, a very successful and quite fire-proof paper chimney fifty feet in height. Nobody, however, is astonished nowadays at any use that is made of paper. Chimneys, car wheels, and boats are already fashioned of it, and there is no reason to suppose that it would not do for policemen's clubs and cannon.

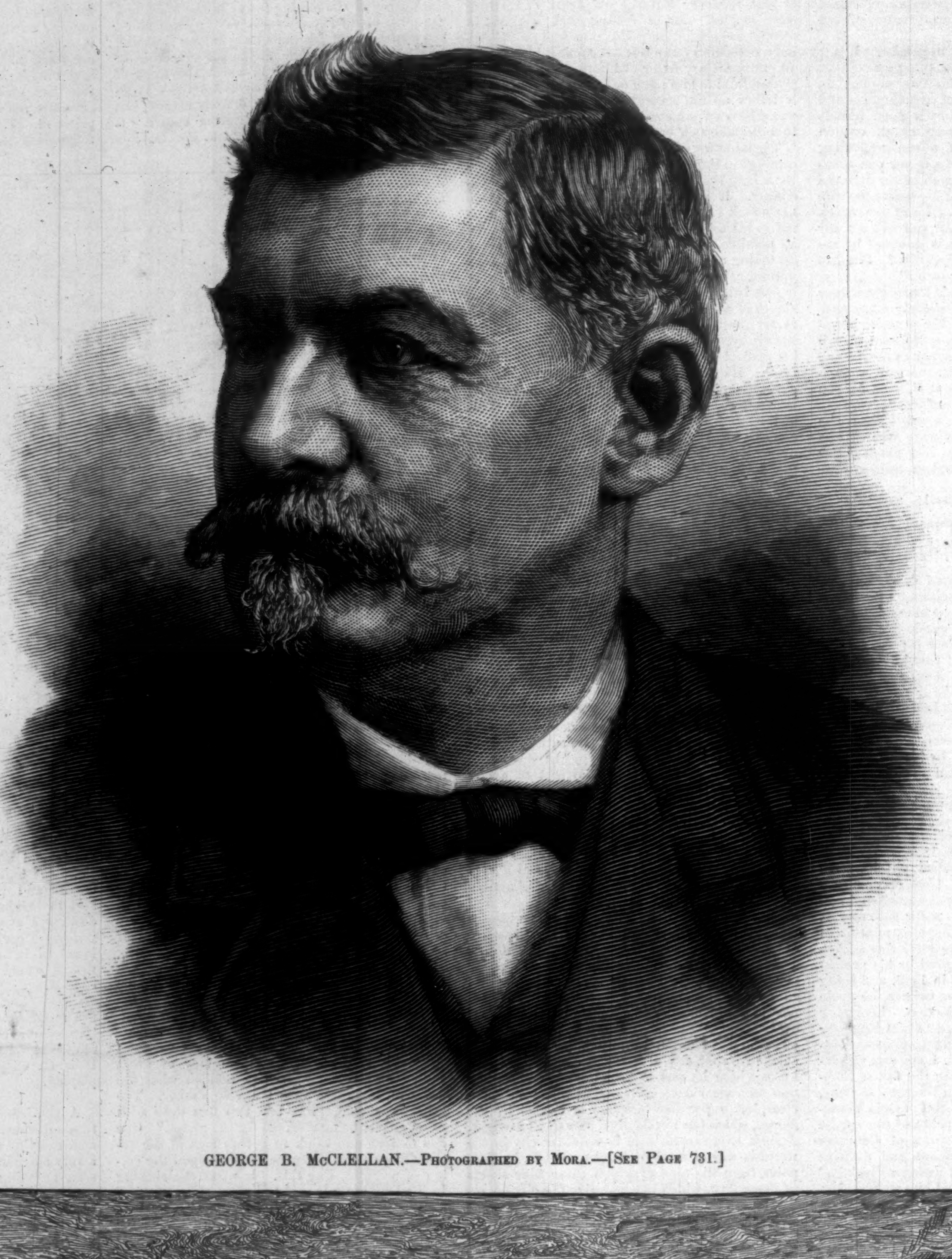
The *St. James's Gazette* says that tennis elbow is a common complaint, like scribbler's palsy. Skilled sufferers say that it lasts a year or two. It is an exaggerated lame elbow from tennis playing.

A gentleman travelling in a railroad car between Rochester and Syracuse saw a middle-aged man carrying a small flower-pot which contained a very singular plant. The gentleman had never seen anything like it before, and entered into conversation with the middle-aged man, who said that he had passed many years in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and that the plant was an apparently spontaneous growth from cosmic dust. He had gathered the cosmic dust on the snow and ice in British America, storing it carefully in a bottle as he came across it. At the end of several years he had gathered the small quantity which the pot contained. He planted a pea in the celestial mould, and left it in England for a year, locked up in a strong box. At the end of the year he found, sprung from the star dust, the plant which attracted the attention of the gentleman. Stirring up the dust with his finger, he further found the pea he had planted, dry and unsprouted. The plant had sprung from some other seed, and the middle-aged man believed that it was a seed fallen, as the dust had fallen, from the celestial spaces. The plant had been growing for ten years. The middle-aged man was on his way to England, and his name, the gentleman says in a letter to the *Commercial Advertiser*, was Tarleton or Carleton.

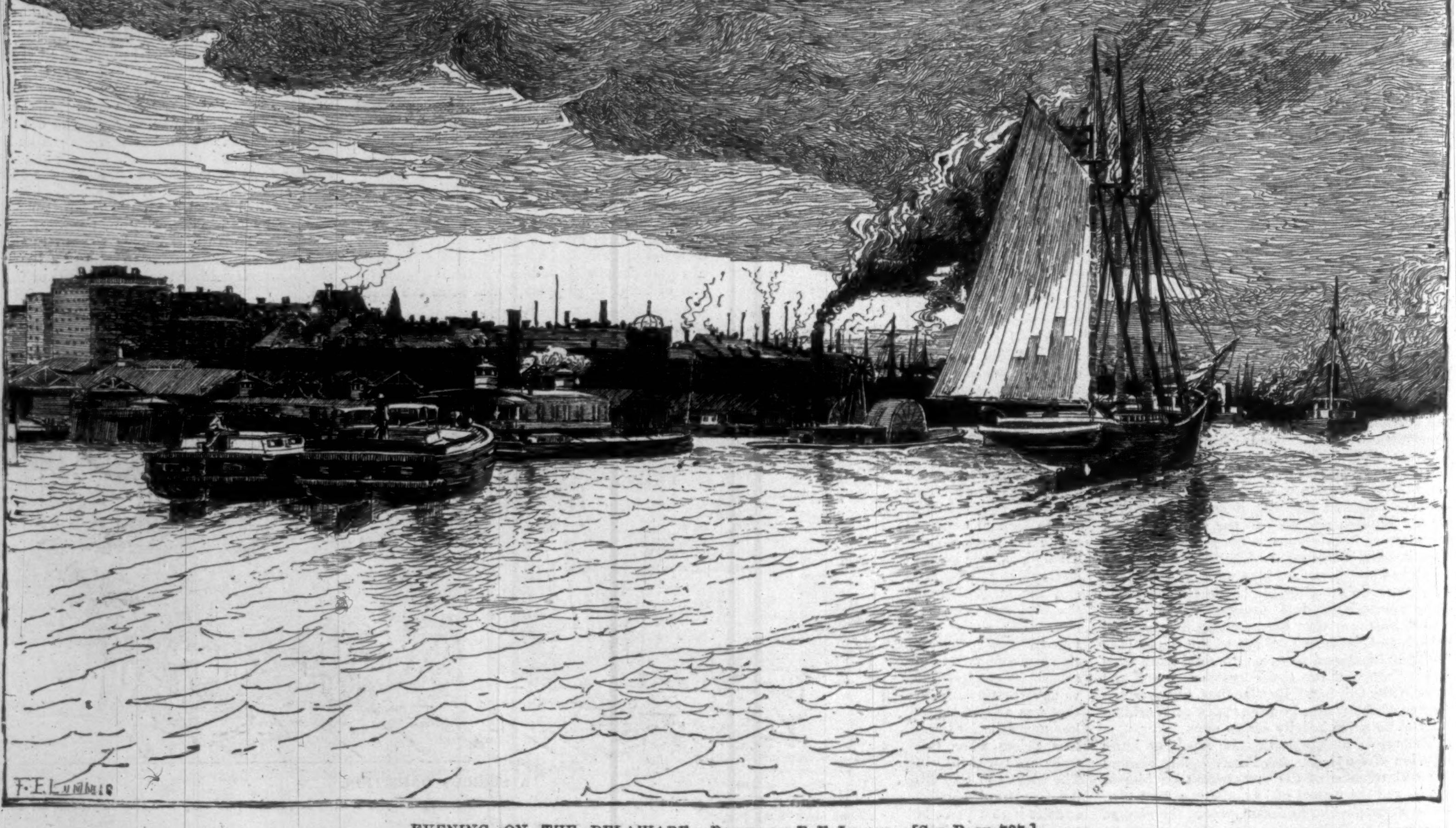


A SERIOUS OBJECTION.

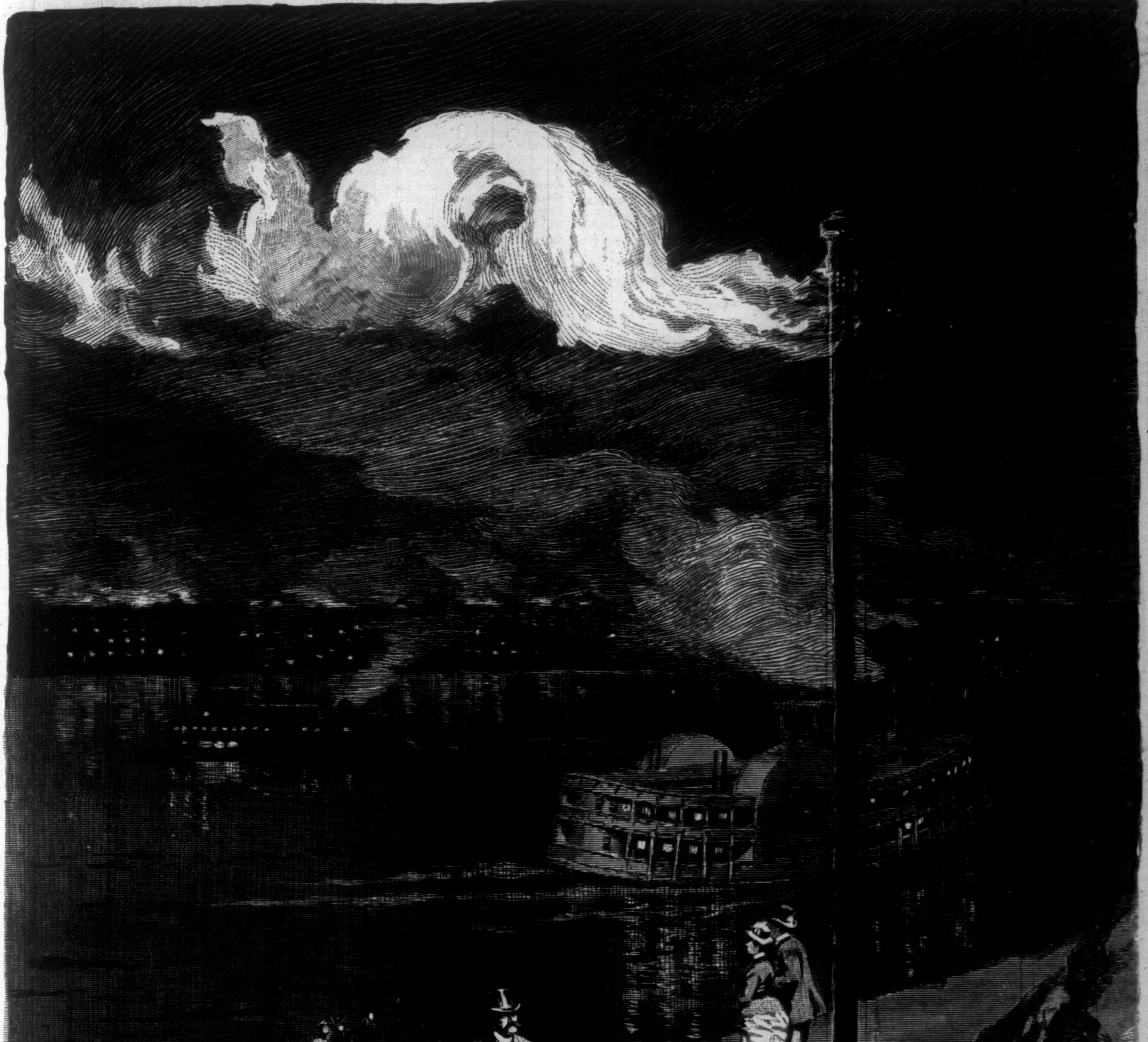
"Well, Mrs. McBrophy, I'll tell yez why I disloike the Chinese. They're a dirty lot, ma'am, an' they live like haythens, an' they smoke thim filthy poipes."



GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.—Photographed by Mora.—[See Page 731.]



EVENING ON THE DELAWARE.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 727.]



OUTLET OF A NATURAL GAS WELL, NEAR PITTSBURGH.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE,
FOR ALCOHOLISM.

Dr. J. S. Hullman, Philadelphia, Pa., says: "It is of good service in the troubles arising from alcoholism, and gives satisfaction in my practice."—[*Adv.*]

PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR May be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine. The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and strength.—[*Adv.*]

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CURED!

For particulars, address E. B. Griffiths & Co., P. O. Box 2710, New York City.—[*Adv.*]

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half a wineglass of Angostura Bitters half an hour before dinner. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.—[*Adv.*]

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night-sweats, and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod-liver oil. By druggists.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE BEST

boon ever bestowed upon man is perfect health, and the true way to insure health is to purify your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. Eliza A. Clough, 34 Arlington st., Lowell, Mass., writes: "Every winter and spring my family, including myself, use several bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Experience has convinced me that, as a powerful

Blood

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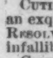

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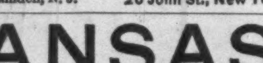

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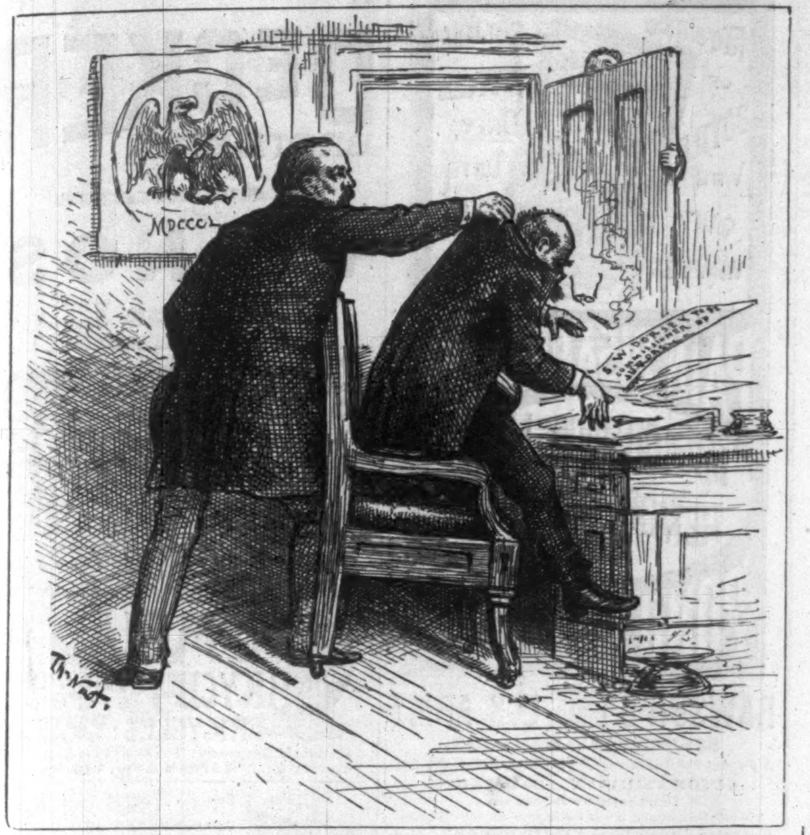

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To the Hon. William A. Vincent, Santa Fé: WASHINGTON, D. C., *Oct.* 21.

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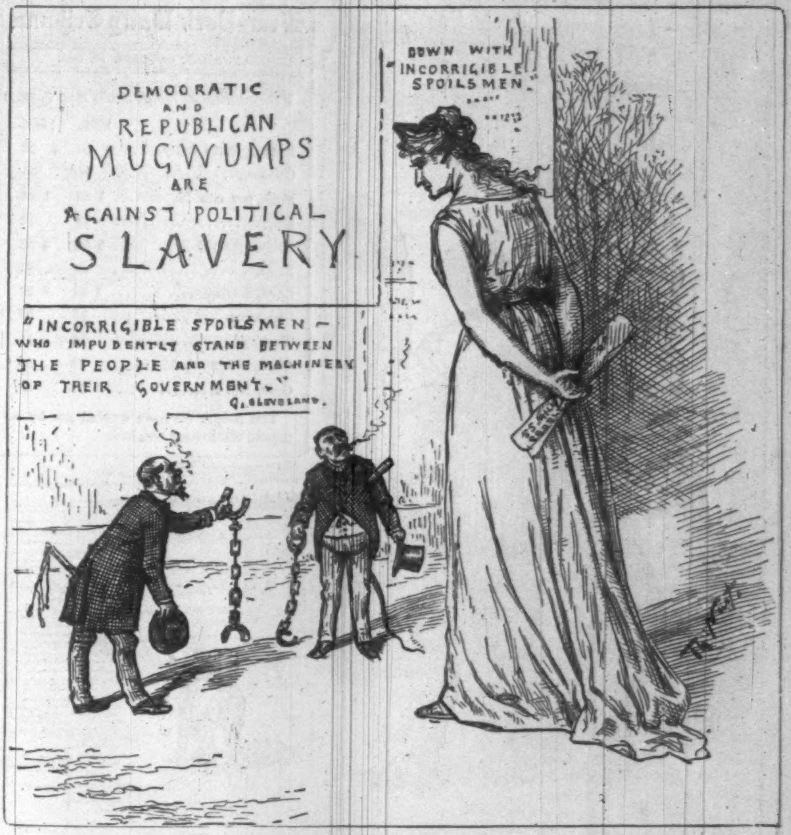
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